

CHAMBERS'S

Journal

JULY
1950

THE PEARLS OF MATU HAO

By WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES
(Atlantic Award Winner)

SHEEPDOG TRIALS

By SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

THIS WRITING BUSINESS

By LLEWELLYN PRIDHAM

SO YOU WANT A CROFT?

By RONALD K. R. TAYLOR

THE MAN WHO BROKE RULE 31

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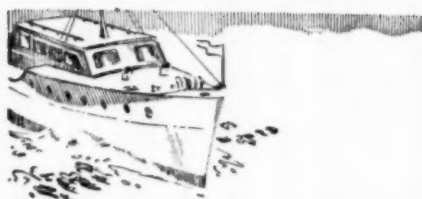
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Contents—July 1950

	PAGE
THE PEARLS OF MATU HAO	William Glynne-Jones 385
THE OLD ROPE-WALK (Poem)	Fred W. Bayliss 392
EARTHQUAKES IN BRITAIN	Moray Anderson 393
SHEEPDOG TRIALS	Sydney Moorhouse 395
A JACOBAN PIECE	W. Murray Marsden 398
HOLIDAY ARRIVAL PLATFORM (Poem)	Ben Davies 399
THIS WRITING BUSINESS	Llewellyn Pridham 400
PERPETUITY (Poem)	Arthur Turck 402
TURBANS OF THE NORTH	John Dawn 403
KITCHEN-MAIDS (Poem)	Elizabeth Fleming 404
THE SENTINEL	Stan Tutt 405
SO YOU WANT A CROFT?	Ronald K. R. Taylor 409
JAM IN THE HOME AND FACTORY	M. J. Robb 411
THE MAN WHO BROKE RULE 31	Mex Tuthill 413
INCHMARNOCK (Poem)	Francis Farrell 416
REARING GIANT SILK-MOTHS	George E. Hyde 417
FROM A TO Z:	
The New Chambers's Encyclopædia	Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson 419
MASTERLY INACTIVITY	Clinton Greig 422
JUST A CASE (Poem)	Joan Pomfret 424
RIDING TO JUMP	J. D. Wilson 425
REGIMENTAL MARCHES:	
II. Battle Songs and Foreign Tunes	Major T. J. Edwards 427
TRAILING THE JAGUAR	Willard Price 430
TRAVEL—THEN AND NOW	D. L. Hobman 432
LOVE THAT WIS TINT (Poem)	Elizabeth T. Dawson 434
YOUR GARDEN IN JULY	W. E. Shewell-Cooper 435
TROUBLED WATERS	A. C. Jenkins 437
SHETLAND'S HERRING HARVEST:	
How the Dutch 'Busses' Came and Went	Neil Matheson 443
SCIENCE AT YOUR SERVICE—Aluminium and Farming. Miniature Neon-Signs.	
A Typing Copy-Holder. Modern Electric-Clocks. An Aid for Blindness. A	
Vegetable Research Station. The Battle of Book-Lovers. The Conquest of Pain.	
A New Carpet-Sweeper	446

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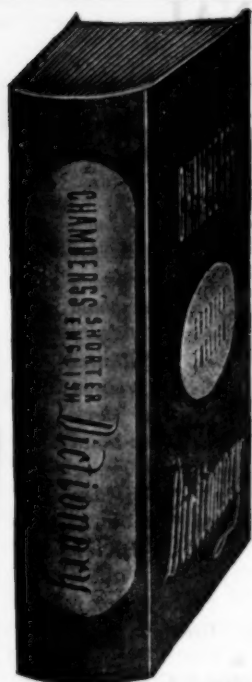
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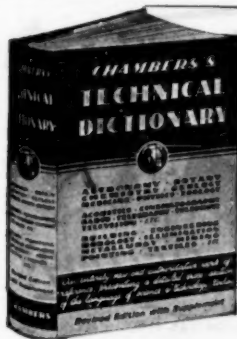
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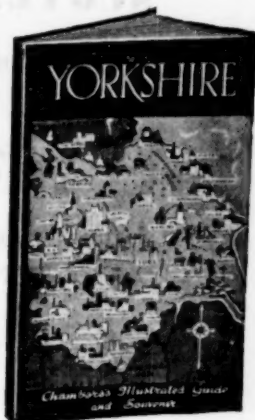
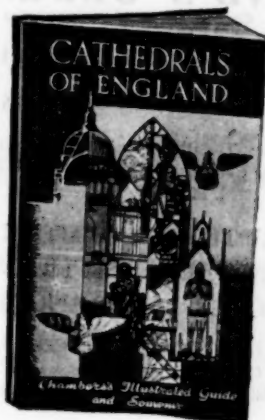
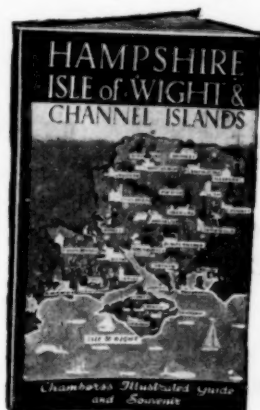
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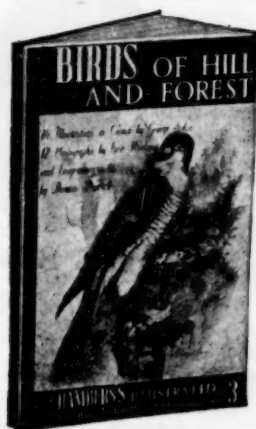
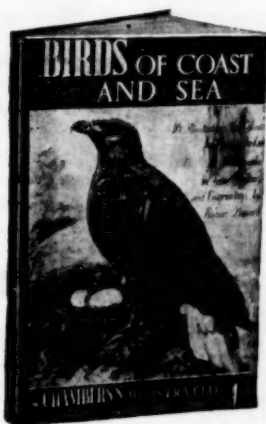
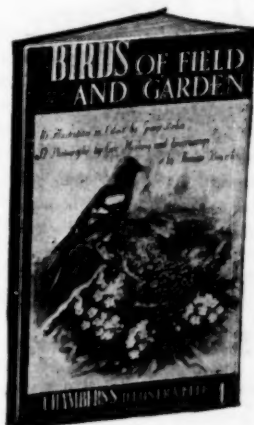
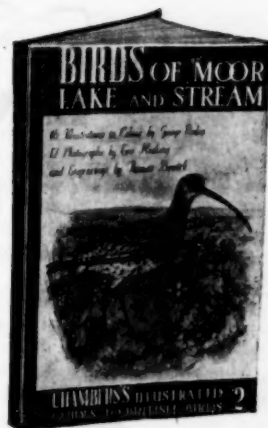
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The Pearls of Matu Hao

WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES

(Atlantic Award Winner)

THE fast-sailing trading schooner *Marybelle* lay at anchor off the coast of Matu Hao, an island in the South Pacific. It was noon. The air was still and oppressive. A long swell brimmed shorewards into the bay, and gently, deeply, and silently the *Marybelle* rolled, her ropes sighing.

Aft, under an awning, stood two men dressed in cheap white undershirts, canvas ducks, and soiled tennis-shoes. One of the men was elderly, tall, broad-shouldered, lean-eyed, his face tanned by many suns. His companion was a man of about forty or so, a massive figure with hairy, gorilla-like arms, whose eyes, set in a square-jawed face, glinted like a snake's. The apparent indolence he displayed as he leaned against the rail only seemed to accentuate the litheness and strength he possessed.

Sweat oozed from the men's faces. It dripped on to the sun-blistered deck and almost immediately evaporated. The younger man drew a hand roughly across his forehead and flung a glistening stream from him with a muffled grunt. He stared shorewards at the long line of white beach shimmering in the sun. 'I reckon we ought to do well here, Dave. I've given most all the junk we had in the trade-room to the old chief, Kalakaua. That ought to please the old feller plenty, and I guess he won't hold any objections to letting his boys dive for us.'

The elder man frowned. 'Pearls,' he muttered. 'They spell nothing but trouble, Slug. We should ha' stuck to copra trading and made an honest living for once in our lives. I'm sorry I came on this trip.' He shrugged. 'But you're the skipper, so . . .'

'Aw, come on—snap out of it, Dave. For

a mate you sure ain't pleasant company. We'll be rich after this little trip. Millionaires, my lad. Think of it—a fistful o' pearls, and then back to Frisco where there's women, wine, and song.'

Dave Lipscomb spat into the sea. Five years he'd sailed with Slug Martin, and they had given him nothing but trouble. He was fed up, browned off good and proper. This was definitely his last trip. In his time he'd been a pretty rough diamond, and had weathered most of the trouble Slug had got them into—gun-running, dope-smuggling. And then, that year when they were nearly caught by the head-hunters in the Solomons and almost ended up in some cannibal chief's stewpot. He and Slug had been lucky. But this new adventure was going to turn out pretty bad. Pearls always meant bad luck. He knew it. Ten years in Broome had shown him what happened to men who lusted after pearls. Now Slug had been bitten by the pearl-fishing bug, and here they were in Matu Hao, waiting for the moment when Kalakaua would give the word to his natives to dive for the white skipper.

ALREADY Slug had showered his gifts on the natives—cheap cotton prints, boxes of scented soap, pins, crackers, cheap and tawdry beads and bracelets; and the islanders had taken them like children. In return, Kalakaua had promised that his men would dive for the pearls that lay at the bottom of the lagoon.

'You had an eyeful of that pearl Barney Finnegan showed us in La Reiba?' Slug broke in on the mate's thoughts. 'That sure

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

was a beauty, eh? Five thousand dollars—that's what Barney reckoned he'd get for her. That pearl was fished right here in Matu Hao. "Plenty more there," Barney said. And, by Jimminy, I'm cashing in right now, Dave. Your talk about pearls bringing bad luck don't make sense to me. Superstitious bunk! I've steered a course for this island and I ain't going away till I've had my share o' the little oyster drops—no, sirree."

Dave looked up. "I saw Barney's pearl," he said slowly, "and I heard the story of the feller that brought it up. His name was Kekela. The best diver on the island, so they said. He got that pearl out o' twenty fathoms, and all for a broken toothcomb and a fifty-cent harmonica. Next day a shark came his way and took off his right arm. Blood-poison finished the job. That's what that pearl cost, Slug. I tell you, pearls mean trouble."

"Trouble!" Slug shouted, now angered by the other's lack of enthusiasm. "Your trouble is you're too blasted sentimental. That pearl'd get Barney a cool five thousand, and that ain't nothing you and me can sneeze at." He closed his great fist and brought it down hard on the rail. "I'll get these niggers to dive thirty fathoms if there's pearl-shell below. An' if they don't bring any up, I'll have you put on the old diving-suit and have a go—just like you did in them days in Broome you're so fond o' spouting about. I've got the diving-gear aboard. Guess I was right in bringing it along. It's pearls I'm concerned with, and I ain't sailing away without nothing. See?"

Dave was silent for a while. He shielded his eyes from the fierce sun-glare, and watched the white-capped waves as they thundered over the narrow coral-reef that lay between the schooner and the lagoon. "Did you ever see a feller get the "bends"?" he asked suddenly. Slug scowled. "Well, it ain't a pretty sight," the mate continued without looking up. "I've seen plenty. When I was in Broome I saw fellers come up out o' fifteen fathoms, their lungs burst. Come up screaming, they did. Could hear 'em for miles around. You ought to take a trip to Broome, Slug, and have a look around. Japs, Malays, Koepangers—the best native divers you could ever wish for. You should take a good look, Slug. Strong, husky natives sitting outside the shanties, their bodies twisted, their faces like some devil-masks—the kind

you and I've seen around the islands we've been to. That's what fishing for pearls did to 'em."

"What happens to them niggers don't concern me," Slug countered. "I tell you, it's pearls I'm after—a fortune. You ain't grudging me that, are you? Every man's entitled to a bit o' luxury, 'specially fellers like me who's roughed it all my life."

Dave said nothing.

WITH the first sudden flush of dawn, the islanders were astir. The outrigger canoes were launched, and before long the bay resounded to the shrill and excited laughter of the natives as they paddled swiftly out towards the schooner. Kalakaua, the chief, had fulfilled his promise, and Slug grinned with triumph.

The *Marybelle* was anchored in ten fathoms. Slug, Dave, and other members of the crew leaned over the rail. At a signal from a figure in the leading canoe, the natives began to dive.

This was the first time that Slug had seen native pearl-divers at work. He gazed down into the translucent depths. The leading canoe, with two stalwart brown-skinned figures in it, approached closer to the schooner. In the meantime, the other divers worked in pairs from the canoes, drawing great gulps of air before stepping over the side on a line weighted with a heavy stone.

One of the men in the leading canoe prepared to slip over the side. Filling his lungs with air, he clutched at the weighted line. His body plunged to the bottom, leaving a stream of bubbles in its wake. With movements that appeared to be almost in slow motion he groped amongst a few patches of coral, his long black hair streaming in the current.

A shell glistened in the coral patch. The diver tugged at the covering growth and a pearl-bed was revealed. The oyster-shell was rapidly filled into a basket. A tug on the line, and the basket was hauled up and emptied into the canoe, while the diver gracefully levered himself against the sea-floor and shot up to the surface. As he reached the canoe the veins stood out on his face and arms. He hung there until the pressure on his lungs became normal, then, pulling himself up into the canoe, he drew in deep breaths while he rested.

THE PEARLS OF MATU HAO

The diving continued in the heat of the morning, and at noon the signal was given to stop. The canoes were well-loaded with oyster-shell. Slug rubbed his hands briskly, and, ordering the crew to stand by ready to help hoist the catch aboard, he stepped across to the Jacob's-ladder and waited for the approach of the canoes.

Basket after basket was hauled up over the schooner's side and tipped on to the scorched deck. 'Good for you!' Slug enthused as the natives smiled up at him. 'You sure are the best divers this side o' the Pacific.' He grinned to himself as he surveyed the mounting pile of shell. 'What've you got to say about this lot, Dave?' he inquired, spreading the pile over the deck with his foot. 'I reckon there's a good few thousand dollars' worth o' pearls ready an' waiting for us as soon as we open the shell.' He paused. 'That'll be your job to-night, Dave, seeing as you're quite a hand at shell-opening. It sure was a lucky day for me when you signed on the *Marybelle*. Never reckoned then that I'd have use for a feller who'd been pearling most his life.'

'Thanks!' Dave replied sarcastically. 'I'll open the shell all right. But I'd be more'n happy to find the catch is a dud. Every oyster don't hold a pearl, you know.'

'You'll see some pearls in this lot, all the same,' Slug retorted. 'The old man, Kalakaua, wouldn't send his divers after rubbish. Yes—I reckon we'll be well on the way to being millionaires before we're through.'

'Maybe yes—and maybe no.'

Ignoring the mate's cryptic remark, Slug arranged that the divers should return the next morning. Strike while the iron's hot was his motto. Kalakaua had given his sanction for the diving, so why not make the most of the opportunity? There was plenty more shell in the bay. One could never have too many pearls—no, sirree! The more, the merrier. The bigger the haul, the bigger the fortune. And what fool skipper'd refuse to take advantage of the native chief's generosity? If these niggers didn't place much value on pearls—well, Slug Martin sure did. Why, the deck was already half-covered with shell. That meant a rich harvest. To-morrow morning the deck would be covered again. Opportunity only comes once in a man's life, and the chances of making easy money came just as rarely—so he,

Slug Martin, was taking no risk of letting his opportunities slip by. To-night, the shell would be opened, and then . . .

SLUG was intoxicated by his vision of a quick and easy fortune, and he could hardly contain his excitement as he waited for evening to come. An hour before sunset Dave reluctantly began to open the shell. They had lain on the deck all day and the sun had caused the valves to loosen. Some of them gaped a little, and in Dave's expert hands they were soon forced apart.

Using a broad sheath-knife, he took an oyster-shell in his hand, held it firmly on a wooden block, and jammed the knife-blade hard down into the main muscle. The oyster contracted to one side as Dave plunged the knife downwards. He made a clean cut and gave a sharp, sideways jerk which forced the two valves to spring open. Flipping the oyster back and forth, he examined it carefully, his fingers feeling around the fleshy lips. Shell after shell was opened, but no pearls were found. Time passed, and a pile of opened shell littered the deck, the nacre gleaming in the gold and crimson light of the flaming sunset.

Slug stood by, tensed, his face bearing a mingled expression of anger and frustration. Yet, as he watched each shell being prised, he held out hope that presently he would be rewarded with a large lustrous pearl, such as the one Barney Finnegan had shown him.

The best and biggest shell does not necessarily contain pearl. Mostly it doesn't. This, Dave Lipscomb knew from experience, though he said nothing to alleviate the skipper's anxiety. He continued to open the oysters, but after each examination nothing was revealed, and he tossed the empty shell aside.

Only a few oysters remained unopened when Slug, his patience exhausted, cursed loudly. He stooped down and wrenched the knife from Dave's hand. 'For Chris' sakes let me have a go!' he bawled. 'If there ain't nothing in this lot I'll sure have something to say to Kalakaua when I see the old fool.'

Dave rose. 'I'm afraid you're in for a mighty big disappointment, Slug.' He stood, arms akimbo, as the skipper fiercely dug the knife into the few remaining shell. 'If you find any pearls I reckon they won't be of much value to you. They're young oysters

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

and ain't had much chance to grow a decent-sized pearl. You might find a couple o' seeds or blisters, and that's about all.' His assumption was correct, and all that came to Slug's hand were half-a-dozen seed-pearls, or dwarfs, which would never grow to any reasonable size.

With a savage curse, Slug threw down the knife and kicked at the empty shell, sending them clattering over the deck. He held out his calloused palm, on which rested the few seed-pearls he had harvested. 'Fished all morning, and this is what I get! The big ones are here all right. Barney Finnegan didn't say no lies to me. Yep, the pearls are here, but where? Where?'

SLUG stood for a moment in an attitude of thought. Then suddenly his glinting eyes narrowed. He slapped his thigh. 'Hell! What a dim-witted fool I am. Sure I know where the big ones lie.' He turned to Dave. 'We're anchored in ten fathoms. Now, if I was to put two an' two together, d'you know what? I'd say, "Well, we've tried in ten fathoms, and what did we get? A handful o' dwarfs that ain't no good to anyone. So what if we moved out to, say, fifteen fathoms, or twenty?" There's pearls in this bay, Dave—make no mistake about it. Beauties, too. If they ain't to be found in ten fathoms, it kinda stands to reason they lie in deeper water. That makes sense, don't it?'

Dave made no reply.

'Acting dumb, eh?' Slug regarded him with scorn. 'You sure are a queer feller, Dave,' he grunted. 'Anyway, it's into deeper water we'll have to move and get them Kanakas cracking in the morning. An' to make sure we'll get a real haul I'll swing the *Marybelle* into twenty fathoms.'

'That's a darn crazy idea.' Dave Lipscomb's voice cut in decisively, and, as Slug wheeled round to face him, the old pearler glared. 'You can't expect a native to swim down for pearl-shell at that depth.'

'Oh yeah! And why not?'

Dave jerked his head contemptuously. 'When a diver reaches fifteen fathoms, that's about as far as he can go. The best diver I ever knew—he was a Jap—worked with me in Broome. He could go down to twenty, but he didn't last long. One day his lungs conked, and we never saw him come up no more. No, Slug—you won't find a native

in Matu Hao who'll fish up your pearl-shell from twenty fathoms. Nahia, he's reckoned to be the best around these parts—Nahia, the big feller in the first canoe. But I wouldn't like to bet on him swimming down to twenty.'

'Nahia, eh?' Slug grinned. 'Thanks for the tip. It's sure useful to know there's at least one feller who'll reach bottom. If I can put my hands on just a couple o' big pearls I'll be satisfied.'

'Pearls or no pearls, I wouldn't like to risk a man's life in twenty fathoms.'

'Who's asking you?' Slug challenged. 'To-night we'll move out into deeper water, just like I said. Them Kanakas won't know, so maybe they'll reach bottom thinking we're still anchored in the same place. If they can't manage it I'll get around to this feller Nahia. If he's the expert you reckon he is—well, I'll give him a bottle o' liquor if he makes a dive for me an' brings up something worth while.'

'If you think you can bluff these fellers, you're making a hell of a mistake, Slug. They'll let you know soon enough whether the *Marybelle*'s changed position. If you anchored in fifty fathoms it'd make no difference. They can swim down so far, and no farther. It's all a question o' pressure on the lungs.'

'Just the same, I've given my orders. To-night, the *Marybelle* moves out. I ain't sailing from this dump without them pearls. You got that?'

Slug's decision was made, and that night he put it into effect. The anchor was raised and the *Marybelle* drifted away from the shore and came to, to drop her anchor again, this time in the depth Slug had calculated—twenty fathoms.

THE next morning, Nahia, who was Kalakaua's eldest son and a prince on the island, paddled out into the bay with his men, and the diving continued. From their position on deck the skipper and crew looked down on the scene. So far there was no suspicion in the natives' minds that the schooner had been swung into deeper water. Slug was pleased, but he was soon in for a bitter disappointment.

It was Dave who first noticed Nahia's sudden gesture to one of his divers. A native had come up spluttering, his face red and swollen. For a while he hung on the side of

THE PEARLS OF MATU HAO

the canoe, and it was apparent that he was in difficulties. Nahia leaned over and pulled him into the boat. Then the prince, losing no time, began to massage the stricken diver, calling out excitedly to the other natives in their own language.

All activity ceased. The divers drew themselves out of the water, and the canoes turned shorewards. Not a single pearl-shell had been found. The baskets were hauled up empty.

Slug looked down over the rail as Nahia's canoe approached the schooner. 'What's wrong?' he yelled angrily. 'Why have them fellers stopped diving?'

Nahia stood up in the prow of the canoe. 'My men will dive no more for you. It is too deep.'

'Aw, to hell!' Slug shouted. 'The water ain't no deeper than it was yesterday.'

'You think we are fools,' Nahia returned, his eyes burning with indignation. 'I tell you, Captain Martin, you have moved your ship. The water here is much deeper and my men cannot swim to the bottom. Manua—he pointed to the prostrate figure in the canoe—he has been stricken. I will not allow more of my men to place their lives in danger. Therefore I have commanded them to return. There will be no more diving.'

Slug was exasperated. He groped in vain for some excuse, but he realised that it was useless denying the fact that the *Marybelle* had changed her anchorage. Turning to Dave, he muttered under his breath: 'I ain't throwing away my chances of sailing out o' here with a fortune, not for any darned nigger.' He reached for the revolver strapped around his waist.

Dave anticipated the move. 'Don't be a damn fool, Slug,' he warned. He gripped the skipper's wrist. 'You won't gain nothing by threatening these fellers. You're asking for trouble.'

Slug jerked his arm savagely away. 'There you go again. Trouble, trouble—ain't you got no more words to say? I've come for pearls, d'you hear? An' I tell you nothing's going to stop me.' He drew out the revolver. The barrel gleamed in the strong sunshine. 'I'll make this damned Kanaka dive if it's the last thing I'll do. I'll teach the bastard he can't play no tricks on a white man.'

Dave's protests were unavailing. Brushing him roughly aside, Slug levelled his revolver at Nahia. 'Call your niggers off,' he raged.

'Okay. That's all right with me. But now, you'll dive—d'you hear? Go on. Over you go, or I'll fill you so full o' lead you'll need no weight to take you down. D'you hear me? Dive!'

Nahia hesitated. He glanced wildly around. The other canoes were paddling swiftly shorewards. His partner crouched low in the stern of the canoe, terrified of the white skipper's menacing attitude.

'Dive! D'you hear me? I'll give you ten seconds.'

Nahia dived.

'YOU crazy fool!' Dave Lipscomb's face creased with fury. 'Slug—he'll never make it. Them other natives'll head for the old man's place an' tell him what's happened. You'll start a riot on the island, I tell you—and God help us if the war canoes come out after us. We'll never stand a chance.'

Slug snorted. 'I ain't scared of a crowd o' heathens. And I reckon you'd better keep that mouth o' yours shut. I'm skipper of this ship, and what I say, goes.'

He leaned over and stared down into the water. Presently, Nahia's head broke surface. The prince motioned to his partner in the canoe. The basket was hauled up, and in it were three large-sized shell. 'There! What did I tell you?' Slug laughed hoarsely. 'The nigger made it, just like I thought he would.' Excitedly, he called to Nahia: 'Hey, you, come aboard, the pair o' you. I want to see what you brought me this time.'

Nahia, gasping for breath, was helped over the side of the schooner. The basket was emptied. 'Now, I guess it's my turn to act stubborn,' Slug muttered, grinning. He pointed to the shell, then pushed Nahia forcibly forward. 'Open 'em!' he commanded. He kicked the broad-bladed knife within the prince's reach. With the revolver still levelled at the young native, he waited anticipantly.

The first shell was opened. It contained nothing. The second produced a small seed-pearl. Slug began to curse under his breath, but suddenly his eyes flashed. His mouth gaped wide. Nahia had forced open the third shell, and from the fleshy mantle extracted a pearl whose lustrous quality made even Dave Lipscomb cry out. It was flawless—a round, compass-needle-blue pearl.

Slug stumbled forward in his eagerness

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

to take the rich prize into his outstretched hand. He gave a sudden cry of alarm as his foot caught on a coil of rope, and he fell heavily against the crouching Nahia. The pearl dropped from the prince's hand. It rolled swiftly across the deck, and, before the frenzied skipper could reach it, the pearl disappeared through a scupper-hole and into the water below.

'You clumsy bastard!'

SLUG pounced on Nahia. Before the prince could defend himself, the skipper gripped him by the hair and dragged him to his feet. Swinging back his right arm to its full extent, Slug brought it violently forward. His fist smashed into Nahia's face. The prince reeled back, his hands held high to shield his bleeding face from the savage attack. But Slug showed no mercy. Blow after blow he aimed at Nahia's unprotected body. The native sagged to his knees.

'For God's sake, Slug!' Dave rushed forward to intervene. He called on the crew to help him, but they stood dumbly by, not daring to expose themselves to their skipper's insane wrath. Slug was armed. He would not hesitate to shoot any man who ventured to interfere, and this they knew.

Once more Dave appealed to them, but it was useless. Slug raised the revolver-butt high above his head. 'Lousy son of a bitch!' he snarled at the almost-unconscious Nahia. Then he crashed the weapon down with all his strength on his victim's unprotected skull. There was a sickening thud. Blood spurted from the wide gash and trickled over the blistered deck. Nahia groaned. He rolled over on to his side and lay still. 'Let that be a lesson to you, you scurvy nigger!'

Slug spun round to face Dave, the revolver thrust menacingly forward. 'And now—I guess you'll have to do a spot o' diving for me,' he muttered breathlessly. 'I ain't letting that pearl go by.' He turned to the crew, who shuffled back uneasily, their eyes fixed on the gleaming barrel. 'Get the diving-gear ready!' he shouted. 'Quick! Before I—'

'Steady on, Slug. Calm down.' Dave laid a restraining hand on the skipper's arm. 'Pack that gun away before something happens—something you'll be sorry for. As for my going down after that pearl, Slug—I guess I just ain't. My diving days are over. I'm too old for the game. Okay, plug me

if that's the way you feel. But it won't help any.'

Slug's face contorted with fury. He yelled at two of the crew who struggled with the heavy box in which the diving-kit was stowed. 'Come on, you lazy bastards. I ain't got all day.' Then, wheeling round to Dave, he snapped: 'Think you can keep me away from getting that pearl, eh? You don't know me, Dave Lipscomb. It's I'll go down myself. Yes, by hell I will.'

Dave shrugged.

'I wouldn't trust no one else to go down,' Slug went on. 'Come on, give me a hand with the gear.'

'You ain't had no experience of diving. It's a tough job, I tell you.'

'Not too tough for Slug Martin. Give me a hand. Jump to it!'

The diver's box was opened. Dave examined the helmet, boots, and dress. He ran his hands over the lines and the diving-pump. Slug eyed him narrowly. 'You'll act as tender?'

'Okay.' A wry look crossed Dave's face. 'Your life's in my hands, Slug. I'll see that the lines are paid out properly an' that they don't get tangled with the rubber hose. The crew'll man the pump in turns. Any trouble—' he paused. Slug frowned.

'Yeah?'

'Any trouble,' Dave repeated, 'four pulls on the line. That's the usual signal.'

Slug was helped into the heavy suit. Dave bolted the breastplate on and tied the breast-leads in position. One of the crew assisted with the helmet, giving it the necessary half-turn before screwing on the facepiece. Two others took their places at the pump, and Dave plied out the lines as Slug descended the ladder.

DROPPING off into the depths, Slug slowly reached bottom, his weighted boots sinking into the sand that rose in a thin cloud at the contact. Above him, he could hear the chug-chug of the pump. The air rushed against his face, hot and sweaty. He began to rock on his feet as the dress violently inflated. The clumsy fool was pumping too fast, he mused. He opened the air-pressure valve wide, and the release steadied him.

He traversed the sea-bottom like a man groping his way through a fog. At first his vision was blurred. The experience was new

THE PEARLS OF MATU HAO

and strange to him. He felt an enormous pressure of the water on his chest, and he had to labour hard to expand it in order to breathe in air from the pump. It seemed as though his whole body was clasped tightly in the arms of a giant.

Slug stepped warily along, realising that the depth in which he now worked was sufficient for a man who had had no previous experience. He had often heard from Dave the result of a diver's impetuosity in descending into too great a depth. The deeper the water the greater the pressure, and a diver crushed by sea-pressure is no pleasant sight.

Still proceeding with care, Slug kept a sharp lookout for the pearl Nahia had dropped. The colourful bottom of the lagoon did not interest him, rich and varied though it was. The area where he now trod was formed of living coral, a wonderland of fantastic formations, of castles and gardens—coral that grew like mushrooms, or resembled miniature trees and shrubs, their branches reaching out of the sea-bed in delicate shades of pale pink and white. Large quantities of seaweed of the richest hues and most diverse forms made a carpet for the heavy, weighted boots. The water was alive with colour. Big rock-cod, dun and mottled, played warily in and out of the coral. The shoals of smaller tropical fish made Slug blink as they darted swiftly across his line of vision, their tints more varied than those shown by the undulating seaweed.

He peered through the facepiece at the panorama of vegetable and animal life exposed before him, the scene changing with each step he took. He saw a giant clam, its shell approximating a quarter of a ton, and carefully avoided contact with it. This was another danger a diver had to consider. One move too near that yawning shell and the clam would snap its jaws tightly, never yielding in its pressure, and the hapless diver was imprisoned until death alone finally released him.

Slug's progress had been futile. So far he had not seen any sign of the missing pearl, and he began to wonder whether he should signal Dave Lipscomb that he was ready to surface. Just as he was on the point of abandoning his search his eyes were drawn to something which appeared round and large as a billiard-ball, half-hidden in a clump of seaweed.

'The pearl!'

WITH a smothered exclamation, Slug reached down slowly. His hand fastened covetously on the pearl, which the water seemed to have magnified to ten times its actual size. A wide grin of triumph crossed his face. He felt for the line to signal to the men above. Suddenly, he noticed an open space between a mass of coral a few yards distant. In the aperture he saw something gleam like shell. His insatiable greed gave him added confidence. He dropped his hand from the line. He turned, and plodded in the direction of the shell.

As he stooped to grasp it, he felt something touch him lightly on the arm. He glanced up. The sight that faced him made him recoil in horror. A pair of eyes, sinister and oval, stared at him malignantly. Out of the coral a formless shape loomed, tall as a man, and from around its hideous, fleshy mouth eight sinuous arms waved, their movements horribly alive.

Immediately below the repulsive mouth, Slug saw the big, hooked beak—the horny weapon of the octopus. He staggered backwards. His right hand fumbled for the knife at his waist. Then, with an incredible, awful swiftness, the octopus seized him in its tentacles. Two of the radiating arms with their double row of protruding suckers caught him round the waist. Slug slashed fiercely with the knife. The blade cut through the mass of soft flesh. A second's delay and both his arms would have been firmly pinioned.

The creature expelled a cloud of blue-black liquid from the ink-sac beneath its beak. Its slanting eyes glinted evilly through the covering smoke-screen. Slug lashed out again with the full sweep of his arm. The octopus darted sideways. Slug felt himself caught by the ankles. Two squirming tentacles fastened on to them like monstrous leeches. Again he slashed wildly with the sharp-bladed knife, and struggled in vain to reach for the life-line. A vicious jerk unbalanced him. He groped blindly for the lassoing arms that held him. The horror of the moment chilled his blood. There seemed to be no escape from the monster. The more he stabbed, the fiercer became its hold on him.

He stumbled against a jagged projection of coral. The knife dropped from his hand. He strove to recover it. His fingers fastened on the haft. Through the murky veil of water

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

he could see the shapeless, foreboding mass and the wavering arms sweep down upon him. His chest constricted. He felt as though every breath of air was being squeezed out of his body. His brain reeled. His vision dimmed. Grasping the knife, he swung despairingly at the sinuous coils that held him by the ankles. The blade cut through the tentacles, and with their severance came a temporary relief—a second or two in which Slug had to act promptly. He rose to his feet, the knife still slashing at the relentless foe. But the octopus thrust out two more arms, and again Slug was pinioned by the ankles.

He reached for the life-line and air-hose. 'Any trouble—four pulls.' Dave's words hammered in his brain. Still clutching the pearl in his left hand he caught the line with his right. He prepared to pull, but it was in vain. The creature seemed possessed of an uncanny instinct. It anticipated every move with cold intelligence, and with each attempt Slug made to signal, the octopus jerked him violently.

One thrust sent Slug breathlessly against a rock, almost stunning him with its force. The helmet and breastplate bruised his aching head and chest. The leaded weights on his breast were being hit and were swinging the wrong way. He had to struggle with all his might to keep the heavy helmet above his body, for failure to do so would mean that the air enclosed within it would get into the body and legs of the dress, and once that happened a diver was finished.

For the third time he strove to pull at the line, but once more the octopus anticipated the move and jerked him with the same

violence. It dragged its almost unconscious victim a distance of about twenty feet, bruising him against a rough, crusted coral wall. The helmet jammed against Slug's jaws. His strength was failing. He had not the power to resist much longer. But still he retained his grip on the pearl Nahia had lost.

The water was now blackened and turbid with the ink the beast had squirted. In the last stages of consciousness Slug saw the menacing tentacles weave, the severed stumps horrible and grotesque. The creature's diabolical eyes gleamed. Slug clawed feebly at the line. The octopus loomed down over him. He felt his ribs crushing. His lips were bruised and bleeding.

The horned beak approached closer, closer—to tear and rip the monster's hapless victim. Slug saw the malignant eyes of the beast. They burned into his very brain. He screamed with terror—yelled with all the strength he was capable of, loudly, desperately. The tentacles gripped tighter—tighter. His bones cracked like matchwood. He made a last despairing effort to reach the line.

In that final awesome moment, the beast triumphed. Slug's fingers relaxed. His lifeless body, crushed into a mass of bleeding flesh, disappeared into the depths of the beast's lair.

The blackened water was stained with red. The cloud of sand settled on the bottom, slowly covering the glistening, silvery pearl which the skipper had coveted, but failed to gain.

Dave and the crew signalled down the line. But from the other end there was no response.

The Old Rope-Walk

*Here long ago the rope was made
For Drake to venture, unafraid,
On some historic escapade.*

*Just so the ancient spinner placed
The hackled hemp about his waist,
And backward stepped with such unhaste.*

*Just so, beneath his skilful hand,
He took his streak and formed his strand,
Serving his ships upon the land.*

*With top and drag, afore, abaft,
Just so the old man plied his craft,
For square-rigged ships and fore-and-aft.*

*Unhurrying, day after day,
Such men have worked this very way,
Since Drake held all the world in sway.*

FRED W. BAYLISS.

Earthquakes in Britain

MORAY ANDERSON

ALTHOUGH Britain has very few earthquakes compared with some countries, these happenings are more frequent than the average person realises. In fact, earthquakes of varying intensity are constantly occurring in one or another part of Great Britain, and there are some districts that experience so many minor shocks that they pass almost unnoticed. Since the second half of the 18th century, for instance, the town of Comrie in Perthshire has felt more than five hundred tremors, three hundred of which were during a ten-year period. No wonder the town is known locally as the 'Earthquake Town.'

Most of the shocks felt in Britain can be traced to weak geological formations in process of slow settlement far beneath the surface of the earth, and one belt of these weaknesses, extending from Greenland, through Iceland and Britain, often gives rise to minor shocks in parts of Perthshire, the west Midlands, and Wales. These weak formations, or 'faults' as they are usually called, have been likened by one noted geologist to a piece of cheese that has been cut from a slab and has slipped down below the level of the rest of the cheese. Nobody can say just how much movement takes place in subterranean regions during a tremor, because there are no known means of measuring it, but it is established that faults are very numerous, and in Lancashire alone there are believed to be more than a thousand, the most important of which is probably the Pendleton Fault, a crack which runs from Bolton under Manchester to Stockport. In Scotland, there are three large faults, the chief being the Highland Border Fault, which goes from Rothesay to Stonehaven, and has caused more than four hundred shocks during the past century and a half. The other two faults are the Great Glen Fault, which crosses

Scotland from Oban along the Caledonian Canal and thence nearly to Forres, and the Southern Uplands Fault, which stretches from Stranraer to Dunbar.

ONE of the earliest recorded earthquakes in Britain happened in 1101 when, according to a writer of the time, 'all the houses were lifted up and settled down again as they were before.' In 1133, we are told, houses were demolished and flames sprang out of cracks in the earth. About half-a-century later, there was 'such a shock the like of which had not been heard of in England since the beginning of the world,' and Lincoln Cathedral is said to have been damaged and many houses destroyed.

It is difficult to obtain exact data on these early shocks, and it is probable that their extent has often been exaggerated, more hurt being caused by terror than by actual damage. The *Flores Historiarum*, a mediæval chronicle, supposedly the work of one Matthew of Westminster, speaks, for example, of tremors taking place in 1240, which were followed by the collapse of newly-built gates at the Tower of London. The tremors may well have occurred, but it is likely that the gates collapsed from poor construction or insufficient foundations rather than from the effects of an earthquake. Next year, more of the Tower fortifications fell, and this time the writer attributed the disaster to a miracle wrought by the spirit of St Thomas of Canterbury.

In 1247, however, there was undoubtedly a severe earthquake felt all over southern England, and preceded for three months by an almost total absence of tides. The period was one of considerable seismic disturbances in western Europe, and there are records of tidal waves the following year. In 1249 Bath

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

was damaged and the vault of Wells Cathedral is said to have fallen in. The author of the *Flores Historiarum* noted with a touch of alarm that England had experienced three earthquakes in two years. Alas, more was to come, and the Chilterns were visited by an earthquake the following year, while tidal waves overwhelmed Winchelsea and other coastal towns.

In an old history of earthquakes there is mention of a remarkable incident in Herefordshire in 1571. The earth suddenly split—according to the account—with a tremendous roar, and some people saw a hill lifted up and carried away even with the flocks of sheep that were grazing there. Less than ten years later there was a shock in London, as a result of which several churches were damaged and the north wing of St Paul's Cathedral itself was badly shaken. So great was the concern at the time that Queen Elizabeth proclaimed that a special form of prayer should be said by every citizen before going to bed each night.

In the next century or two many minor shocks were recorded in different parts of Britain, one of which is stated to have nearly destroyed Lyme Regis. In 1750 London experienced two tremors, the first of which, on 8th February, was marked by large waves on the river and a slight shaking of most of the houses. Exactly a month later the second tremor shook the people out of their beds in the middle of the night. Part of the population panicked out of the city, while hundreds of others, thinking that the Day of Judgment had arrived, exhorted their neighbours to repentance while there was still time. One religious fanatic even prophesied that a third earthquake would take place on 4th April and devastate the whole of the capital. Although the prophet was removed to Bedlam a day or two before the appointed date, thousands believed him and fled from London in spite of announcements in the newspapers threatening to publish the names of all those prominent inhabitants who deserted. Every field around London was full of frightened people who preferred to sleep in the open rather than risk a night under their own roof. Fortunately, the panic was quite needless, and no further shocks were felt, although in

the north-west the towns of Liverpool and Chester were shaken and the sentry at Chester Castle was thrown out of his box.

OCCASIONALLY Britain gets the backwash of a Continental earthquake, and in 1755, when Lisbon was razed to the ground with the loss of 60,000 lives, the region of disturbance extended to Britain. In Scotland, the waters of Loch Lomond, over a thousand miles from the epicentre of activity, rose and fell continuously by more than two feet for an hour and a half. At Kinsale, a fishing-town in southern Ireland, huge waves rolled into the harbour and overflowed into the market, while in England the direction of travel of the river Avon was contrary to usual.

During the past one hundred and fifty years earthquakes have occurred at various places in Britain, including Cheltenham, where a policeman was obliged to steady himself by holding on to a lamp-post; Colchester, where thirty-one churches and more than a thousand other buildings were damaged; Ilfracombe; Hereford; Manchester; South Wales; Aberdeen; and Inverness-shire. In 1948 alone there were at least three noticeable disturbances—in Carnarvonshire, East Anglia, and Ross-shire.

But there is not the least occasion for any alarm, for, although there are few districts in Britain that are safe from earth-tremors, the disturbances are comparatively slight and, though frightening at the time, they rarely do more serious damage than cause chimneys to fall or perhaps walls to crack, and it is hundreds of years since anyone was killed by an earthquake in Britain. Nor is there much fear of a large earthquake striking Britain in the future. Millions of years ago, when the mountain ranges were being formed, earthquakes were particularly common in Scotland, but the stresses that induced them have been almost entirely eliminated, and the shocks that arise to-day are for the most part attributable to slight rupture of rocks in subterranean faults. Furthermore, any eruptive forces that lie beneath the western half of Europe can find outlet in the volcanoes of Italy and Iceland, which act as safety-valves.

Sheepdog Trials

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE, F.R.G.S.

ALTHOUGH there can be no disputing the fact that sheepdog trials are to-day among the most popular of all outdoor events, and although the sheepdog itself is a creature of ancient, if somewhat obscure, lineage, contests for shepherds and their dogs are not yet a hundred years old. Their inauguration was due to the efforts of a North Wales squire, R. G. Lloyd Price, who promoted a trial for shepherds' dogs near Bala, Merionethshire, on the 9th of October 1873.

Three hundred spectators attended the first trial, and there were ten competitors, the winner being William Thomson, a Scotsman working in Wales but using a Scottish-bred dog. An old print of this pioneer trial shows the scene. Many of the spectators are on horseback, and in the centre is a shepherd waving his crook in the air in order to attract the attention of the dog. The sheep are of the horned variety and the collie itself is much whiter than the majority of animals seen in the modern trials.

The following year, two other sheepdog trials were held in Wales—at Garth, in Glamorganshire, and at Llangollen, in Denbighshire; and the Bala trials were repeated, this time a challenge-cup being offered for competition. In 1875, two years after their inception, the Bala trials attracted an entry of thirty dogs, and were watched by two thousand spectators. The Llangollen trials were also improved, and the number of entries increased.

In 1876 England had its first trial, at Brynness, Northumberland, and the winner was Walter Telfer; and Scotland had a trial at Carnwath, Lanarkshire. In 1878 the Bala trials ceased, or rather were merged with the Llangollen event and moved to Llangollen. Since then, with the exception of the periods during the two World Wars, trials have been held at

Llangollen each year, and the event can claim to be the oldest of its kind in the whole of Britain.

There are other trials which have been run for fifty years. In Derbyshire a sheepdog trial was organised on Longshaw Moor in 1896, and two years afterwards the Longshaw Sheep Dog Trials Association was formed. At this date trials took place in the early spring, and not during the summer as to-day. In the Lake District, there have been trials on Applethwaite Common, near Windermere, for over half-a-century.

IN those early days of competitive work, it became obvious that the trials had a utilitarian purpose and that the value of the sheepdog was already being increased. In his book *The Verge of Scotland* William T. Palmer quotes a contemporary record showing the worth of the trained dog at this time:

'Much pains is bestowed on their training. They are taught to run wide round the sheep, and to obey the most distant signals of the shepherd—to run, to advance, to walk, to sit down and guard any quarter as may be required by the position of the sheep. Barking is not allowed, or to seize or bite a sheep. Mountain shepherds usually have two or three dogs; in the enclosure one is sufficient. A well-bred and trained dog commands a high price, sometimes five or six pounds.'

At the present day an International Champion would not change hands for twenty times that amount!

The year 1906 saw the most important happening in the whole story of the British sheepdog, the formation of the International Sheepdog Society, whose objects were clearly defined as: 'to stimulate public interest in the shepherd and his calling, and to procure

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

the better management of stock by improving the sheepdog.' Although 'International' in name, the members were mainly Scotsmen, with just a few Englishmen from the Northumberland side of the Border. Wales, the home of the sheepdog trial, was not represented and, indeed, sixteen years had to pass before any Welshmen competed at the Society's championships. At the first international trial—a one-day affair held in Scotland, on Gullane golf-links, East Lothian—the winner was Richard Sandilands of South Queensferry, West Lothian.

At Hawick next year William Wallace, of Otterburn, Northumberland, was the winner, and he it was who first demonstrated the art of handling a working sheepdog quietly and without fuss.

Between 1906 and 1914 nine international contests took place, English handlers leading on five occasions and Scots on the remaining four. Adam Telfer won at Carlisle in 1910, and at the last trial, before the First World War caused a suspension of hostilities, Thomas Armstrong, also of Otterburn, won the first challenge-cup outright by taking it for the third time.

THE year 1915 was noteworthy in the history of the International Sheepdog Society. Without any trophy of its own, and with a balance of but £5 in the bank, things looked black indeed, and then Mr James A. Reid, an Airdrie solicitor, was prevailed upon to take over the secretaryship. Since that date and until 1947, when he retired from this office after thirty-two years of unstinted service, the names of James A. Reid and the Society have been inseparable.

Mr Reid had already earned something of a reputation for reviving moribund societies. Three years before, in 1912, he had taken over the secretaryship of the New Monkland Agricultural Society, and in order to stimulate interest a sheepdog trial was held. It was won by a shepherd from the Lammermuir Hills, who left the field immediately on the completion of his course and who did not know that he had won the event until Mr Reid turned up at his farm with the cup the following week-end. At that farm the man who has done more than any other to stimulate interest not only in sheepdog trials, but also in the collie as a working dog, first saw a Border collie in action under natural condi-

tions. So impressed was he that he joined the International Sheepdog Society, and after three years became its secretary.

By an almost superhuman effort he succeeded in keeping interest in the Society alive during the First World War, and then when the international contests were resumed he not only had three distinct classes instituted, but even had secured cups for each of these. For some years before the War there had been complaints that the hired shepherds did not compete on equal terms with farmers, as they had far less chance of training their dogs on sheep that did not belong to them and also in getting time off to compete in the various local trials. Mr Reid, therefore, was the prime mover in a scheme to set up separate classes for hired shepherds and farmers, a hired shepherd being defined as 'a shepherd who is employed full-time for wages by an employer other than his parents.' Both shepherds and farmers ran their dogs over identical courses, the highest-pointed dogs competing for the International Championship Shield the following day.

In passing, it is worth mentioning that the hired shepherds' classes have never attracted large entries from either England or Wales, but in Scotland the shepherd forms a large and important section of the farming community and there is always a good Scottish entry for the special class. D. Henderson, of Beith, Ayrshire, was the first winner of the International Shepherds' Cup, but the rest of the 1919 event was a triumph for the Telfer family, Walter carrying off the Championship Shield in the open competition, and Adam being the first to lift the newly instituted Farmers' Cup.

English handlers were again successful in 1920 and 1921, S. E. Batty from the Sheffield area winning at Hexham on the first occasion, and Adam Telfer at Ayr in 1921, while Walter Telfer was successful in the Farmers' Cup contest both times. Scottish shepherds, however, continued to be victorious among the hired shepherds, Henderson repeating his 1919 success the next year at Hexham, and James McNally, of Kirkcowan, Wigtownshire, being the winner in 1921.

ANOTHER step forward was made in 1922. At last the Welsh handlers joined in the events to make the championships truly international, and so the parent body was

SHEEPDOG TRIALS

divided into national societies for the three countries concerned. Each national society had its own championship and, from these, selected handlers and dogs went forward to the international event. Thus the road to international championship honours became longer, first through the national contests and then through the qualifying round when the more important event took place.

In 1922 national championships, each taking one day, were held at Lanark, York, and Llandrillo, and the first national champions were Alex. Millar of Darvel, Ayrshire, Scotland; Ernest Priestley, of Hathersage, Derbyshire, England; and John Pritchard, of Llithfaen, Caernarvonshire, Wales. All three were to be pillars of strength for their respective countries in years to come. To mark Wales's entry, the international event was held at Criccieth, and the main championship was won by William Wallace, of Otterburn, Northumberland, for the second time.

Wales, however, had not to wait very long for a victory in the International, Thomas Roberts, of Corwen, Merionethshire, winning at Ayr in 1924. Two years later the International, held at York, was extended over a period of three days, and the following year, 1927, a new championship event was introduced, the Team Shield, which is awarded to the team scoring the most points in the qualifying trials at the international contest. This was first won by England.

By this time sheepdog trials were becoming extremely popular. Local societies were being established in all parts, and these were all holding their own trials. That meant, of course, that interest in the various national championships was being increased, and in 1927 the number of entries for these was so great that the events had to be extended over two days.

To-day, many of these local trials are regarded as qualifying rounds for the national contests. Before a farmer or shepherd can compete in his own country's national trial, he must have won a prize in some accepted local competition, and the organisers of these latter events are keen to get their own trials recognised by the governing body. This has resulted in recent years in what might be termed a standard course, based on that used for the national contests, being adopted generally throughout the country.

Meanwhile, contests in which one handler worked two dogs at the same time were

featured at the majority of the local trials, and so, in response to public appeal rather than because of the skill demanded by these contests, an International Brace (or Doubles) Championship was held for the first time in 1929, the Scot, Alex. Millar, being the winner. At a later date (1931) brace contests became part of the various national trials and served as qualifying competitions for the International.

A further innovation was made in 1937, when Mr W. B. Bagshaw presented a trophy in memory of his father, J. B. Bagshaw, one of England's finest breeders and handlers over many years, and this was awarded to the winner of a new championship—the International Driving Championship.

THE Second World War saw another suspension of activities, but once again Mr Reid managed to keep interest alive, and then trials were resumed at Edinburgh in 1946. That year Mr Reid announced his retirement. In his thirty-two years of office he had organised fifty-seven national and twenty-one international contests, and the following year, at Cardiff, he was presented with a cheque for £1000 and an illuminated address for his services in connection not only with the International Sheepdog Society, but also with the sheepdog movement all over the world. Almost as the direct result of his efforts the Border collie had, during the course of his association with the Society, become universally recognised as the finest breed for working sheep, and British dogs had been exported to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Kenya, the Argentine, and Eire. Even the Japanese were purchasers, and Scottish shepherds were engaged to go out and give the new owners lessons in handling. Since the War, St Helena and the Faeroes have purchased British-bred Border collies, and in South Africa they are being used on the ostrich-farms.

Mr Reid was also responsible for maintaining a Stud Book for the International Sheepdog Society. Mr T. H. Halsall of Southport succeeded Mr Reid as Honorary Secretary and, in 1949, as Keeper of the Stud Book, and he has recently published the first section of this, a classic of its kind, which records the pedigrees of every dog competing at the Society's trials since their inauguration in 1906.

A Jacobean Piece

W. MURRAY MARSDEN

'NO chicken,' I grant you, that oaken coffer-cabinet. And I suppose I must grant you 'no beauty' as well. It is difficult, perhaps, to be beautiful if you are as broad as you are high, and that not so very. But 'handsome,' yes. I dig in my toes there. 'Handsome' he shall and must be, the old boy, albeit none of your overweening 'tall-boys,' not he. Handsome after the fashion of the *Spectator's* 'short-faced gentleman,' if you please. Indeed, his broad dark face has more than a look of Richard Steele himself, in the Houbraken print of Kneller's portrait, so it has. Rather florid, periwigish, bebuttoned—both of them. Not much in the way of elegance, but plenty of humanity and capacity for friendship.

Handsome, then. Yes, I will have it that my ancient companion is handsome. To the foul fiend with your 'squat and ugly.' A fig for your filigree! For me, this deep, square-cut panelling with but few curves, and they in the right places; panelling deep enough to go happily with a maker's fancies in the matter of labels, bosses, volutes, and tucked-in beading—applied or incised; and all that the thing should be strong and serviceable and should do its work handsomely, after the old adage. For me, in short, my old Jacobean.

So much for his outside, for the sturdy genial presence of him.

THERE is the inside, too—a more intimate, personal matter, that. Seventy-five years are but a small part of the life of an old oak coffer-chest. The crown of genuine antiquity may not be won by so short a course. Seventy-five years, by that criterion, are, saving your presence, a mere fleabite. A connoisseur and an historian might enlarge upon that, and yet do no more than scratch the surface—

which heaven forbid, by the bye, in the case of my fine old piece!

But its owner, if he have run the like course, may well be deemed antiquated: may be more presentable from inside, by way of memory, than from outside, by way of looking-glass or the appraising eyes of youth.

And, given companionship over most of those seventy-five years between a man and a piece of furniture, there should be things inside, intimacies, to be shared. Storages for memory, old man and old cabinet. Old oak hath not his fellow, and an old man may well find few of his own remaining. In differing ways, property and owner have at least that lack of fellowships in common. Changes of scene also they have shared—as from Kent to Sussex and thence to Surrey. After that, away up into Derbyshire—a longish spell—and then down again to Surrey, where, after some eight packings and unpackings of furniture-vans, he is still at your service, the old Jacobean.

Taking him by sections, his long top drawer and the full-length bottom coffer have been fairly constant in their manner of service. Naperies and suchlike plenishings have been the care of the one, occasional glassware, flower-vases, and the like, of the other, though the hands that moved the drawer to and fro have changed, changed. He must have become well-used to such changes: better so than his owner. Oak has, perhaps, an advantage over flesh and blood and the spirit of man, when it comes to the touches of hands and to their vanishings. Yet not so altogether. Hardness and silence are not all, old comrade.

I WONDER if you remember how your bottom coffer would sometimes be suddenly

A JACOBEOAN PIECE

occupied in the Derbyshire days. When the word went that children should be going to bed. How there would be quick scufflings and giggings, and an invasion of you by a small boy, helped perhaps by an older sister, adjuring him to make haste, so that she might shut the little oak door on him. If you do remember, you will remember too the laughter that accompanied his mother's gradual, so gradual, 'winkling' of him out again, and was to be heard all the way upstairs. Of course we remember all that, we two—and how the time came when too large a boy would, for bravado, invade you, and have to be helped out again, that last time with less laughter. It was that kind of treatment which brought about a loss of dignity from which—though now for only one person—you are still suffering. I am not sure, though, that you ever really knew about your decline, in the family, from Jacobean cabinet to plain 'Jacobean cab.' But it was so: and it gives me some quiet pleasure to tell you—and, indeed, to have reminded myself.

Now that we are remembering things, do you listen at one of the keyholes of your two coffer-doors? This time we share something

tangible—factual, as they say nowadays. Those dumpy, two-tiered wine-bins, a pair in each of your deep, dark recesses. You remember their coming? How, in consideration of that genuine antiquity of yours, they were made removable—without impact of nail or screw, or even of the gluepot, upon your sturdy inside, which could so easily have borne it? That small boy had grown into the tall, strong youth who did the job for us. But this time only hands and forearms could get inside you, to take measurements and hold a torch withal.

The bins are still within your deep dark recesses, and cordial drinks are still in your custody. But it is many a year since you (or I) heard voices calling for 'the key of the Jacobean cab.' The wine is not so cordial, either, come to that.

Yet, you are in good heart, old oaken comrade, and so am I. You by grace of that honest craftsman who made you, and I by what is higher and more heartening than any man can inspire. Let us, therefore, hold our faces—handsome and otherwise—square to the world, the two of us. The owner wishes his fine 'piece' another good century or so!

Holiday Arrival Platform

*This is the prelude to relaxation—
The anxious straining of the nervous air
Where time and heat and men's machines join men
To battle for the rest their works have earned,
When raging down escape's short promenade
The locomotive, lord of freedom, wails
And stiffly halts to loose amidst its shrieks
The eager-eyed and unbewildered young,
Whose very unconcern adds one thing more
To fretful parents' overweary load.
And Babel is rebuilt from luggage-vans,
To be transferred with prams and aching arms
In slow confusion to the exit,
While clothes with all their ironed stiffness marred
Anticipate in their dishevelment
Their final curtain, growing moist and creased;
And faces of the friends awaiting friends
Bear their brief tan with all the falsity
Of actors' grease-paint, wearing all the strain
Bred by determination to extract
A year's enjoyment from a week's release.*

BEN DAVIES.

This Writing Business

LLEWELLYN PRIDHAM

I KNEW a young officer who had just been demobilised and was embarrassed by the fact that he could not find a job of work. I remember his cocksure expression, however, as he remarked: 'Failing everything else, I'll just take up writing.' Poor fool!

Of all forms of brainwork writing is the most precarious and exacting; and the real reward is to see yourself 'in print'—so flattering to the scribbler's self-esteem. The publisher's cheque, paid at the rate of so much (or so little) a thousand words, is just a pleasant etcetera. Let no enthusiast consider for one moment that he can subsist on the money he may receive from the awards of authorship alone, unless he happens to be a genuine genius, and even then his talents may remain unrecognised.

It has often been said that the first requisite for the writer is a private income or some form of employment bringing in a livelihood. Where there is another form of employment, however, the business must not be too demanding in time and thought, as the would-be author's mind must be left free to wander among the airy pinnacles of imagination and recollection.

Let me give some account of my own experiences as a free-lance.

AFTER service in the Royal Navy and four years spent as a G.P., I was compelled to assume the role of an invalid. My mental faculties remained unimpaired and I cast about me to discover some occupation. Manual work was out of the question, and my ambitions were not to be satisfied by garden-pottering. For the rest of my existence I would be an invalid, yet I wanted to create something. My intention was circumscribed by the fact that my hands were unable to function in the finer movements. I have not

put pen to paper for years. But—and a large but—I could type with one finger of my left hand. This accomplishment should be my opportunity. I would attempt to write! And so just eleven years ago, in 1939, I began.

My little typewriter must have rattled out at least a million words, the astonishing total being made up for the most part by four hopeful volumes—two novels, an autobiography, and a book of experiences in the realm of sport. Then to swell the total there are numerous short stories and as many articles, plus plays for the Children's Hour of the B.B.C.

After one year of refusals, I gained my first success, in the *Wide World Magazine*, and can recollect the exact circumstances of the arrival of the editor's letter. Oh, blessed man! My personality is not an emotional one, yet I remember how my eyes pricked with moisture. Certainly one of the most exciting moments of my life. But I had to wait another year for my second approval. This time it was from the editor of *Chambers's*, who in his letter remarked, laconically enough, 'We want it.' I had received adequate stimulus from the first editor to smile upon me; but this second acceptance clamped me down at my desk, good and proper, seemingly for as long as my one finger can prod the keys of my machine. From now on, rejections became fewer, and quite lately three successes arrived in one week—surely sufficient to satisfy the most blasé writer.

COMPETITION is, of course, stupendous. If a reader can discover a stronger adjective, that is the one that applies. In no other walk of life do the runners jostle one against the other in such numbers. Let me quote from a letter written to me by the

THIS WRITING BUSINESS

editor of one of the foremost periodicals of the day: 'In view of the fact that we get anything up to one hundred MSS landed on us every week . . .' This is 5200 a year, and as this particular magazine is a monthly one and publishes an average of twenty items a month, the number of successes is about four and a half per cent. It makes one think!

The reason for this glut in the market is easy to explain. It arises from the fact that writing needs no capital expenditure or academic degrees, and in these days of education everybody can use a pen to jot down anything that comes into his head. One would think there was a sufficiency of magazines to absorb the flowing stream; but there clearly is not, though the total of various periodicals published in the British Isles comes to well over a thousand.

It is absolutely useless to become disheartened. The amateur must just keep on pegging away. 'How can I get into print?' is the cry of thousands. Brevity is the first need. Obviously the shorter the contribution the easier it is for an editor to fit it into his magazine. Then do not overpaint your picture. Simplicity should be the keynote. This same quality ought to apply to the plot of a story. There is nothing more irritating than to have continually to hark back to identify characters and to find out exactly what the dialogue is all about. Write just as if you were communicating with a friend or relative. No straining after effect can be tolerated—no 'caravansary' for a seaside hotel!

By the grace of sub-editors, a textbook knowledge of grammar is not essential. I write fair English, but hardly know the first principles. How it sounds to the inner ear is my guide.

Your MS must be immaculate: no crumpling, no alterations—virgin. Size of paper, 8½ inches by 10½ inches, and decently thick—not transparent or a carbon-copy. Author's name and address, top left-hand corner. Title and authorship, centre. Number of words, bottom right-hand corner. Type-written of course—double-spaced. Most important—stamped, addressed envelope enclosed for return of contribution: common courtesy demands this.

SOME observations. An article or story may be perfect in composition, arrange-

ment, plot, characterisation, dialogue, and all other requisites, and still be rejected, for the simple reason that it does not tickle a particular editor's fancy—'one man's meat . . .' The length may not quite fit. The harassed man may have a superfluity of that type of subject. Again, the theme might cause offence to certain people's susceptibilities. Some subjects may be taboo—religion, politics, etc. Your style for a certain periodical may be all wrong—too frivolous for *Blackwood's*, too heavy-handed for *Men Only*. Originality and humour are the most effective visas for entering the pages of most magazines.

An editor generally keeps himself aloof from the writing public. He has to, or his desk would be swamped in seas of letters. If you receive more than a printed slip by way of rejection you may consider yourself extremely lucky. How cherished any word of criticism is, illuminating the darkness of the writer's brain. I believe it is quite impossible for any person to find all the faults in his own screeds, though to anyone else they may stick out a mile.

Pay special attention to your beginnings, thus creating interest at the start. 'This true-life story begins when I was twelve years old.' Very much more effective would be: 'I write this while the horror is still with me.'

Having enticed the editor's reader through the pages of your MS, provide him with a satisfying climax. Picture him sitting back in his chair for a brief moment, running over in his mind the points of the tale he had just finished—and putting it into the editor's basket for his favourable decision.

I have had just on fifty articles published, and not one fiction story, though an equal number of both have been submitted. Obviously I must accept the fact that I am unable to use my imagination—or, if I can, that it is impossible for me to put my fantasies across.

Do not be too eager to get your MS off by post. Go over it time after time, and you will be surprised at the crop of alterations each rereading produces—insertion of punctuation marks, rounding off a phrase, the use of some idiom, streamlining the whole composition. If you have the patience, put it aside for three weeks, forget it, and then go through the material again with discerning eyes—cold, calculating, critical.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

ALL stories and articles forwarded to editors receive, I know, the most meticulous attention. But surely the sub-editor or reader must get sometimes a bit careless as he peruses ream after ream; or perhaps some interruption occurs—the telephone, a caller, a cup of tea—which interferes with his unravelling of some particularly intricate plot. Hence my plea for simplicity.

At the same time, remember that it is not so much the actual theme but the way it is put across that counts. Interest combined with skill in presentation puts an end to 'the editor regrets.'

Discover as soon as possible what is your forte, and follow it up. Specialise both in subjects and in magazines. Thus you will get known and gain a reputation.

One publishing firm has adopted a most satisfactory scheme of comment, which goes quite a long way in serving the needs of the unsuccessful author. This publisher sends a rejection-slip with a list of reasons for non-acceptance, ticking off the appropriate reason from among the following:

Below standard.
Full copyright not offered.
Hackneyed plot.
Humour too slight.
Inclusion of slang.

Wrong length.

Literals bad.

Loose end apparent.

Topical references, *i.e.* names of living persons, firms, etc.

Too wordy and drawn out.

War background (or incidents).

Fully stocked at present with this type of story.

It may reassure contributors to be told that never once has a MS of mine gone astray in an editor's office, and only two have been lost in the post. This latter fact seems to indicate that there is not much point in registering your material, especially as it only entails more work at the receiver's end.

Get into your head the fact that you are not the only petal in the garden, and so do not be upset when replies and acknowledgments do not come by return-post.

So this writing business goes on—from the Chinese paintbrush, the Egyptian stylus, and the monkish lettering of mediæval times, to the tapping of the modern bloke on his typewriter. Into the tourney, free-lancer. You must become a fanatic. Success when it does arrive against such tremendous odds will be all the more splendid; and you will, indeed, be able to cry: '*Veni, vidi, vici!*'

Perpetuity

*By courtier clouds are gently spun
Bright garlands round the monarch sun,
Whose bounty, borne on envoy breeze
Athwart the tracery of trees,
Gold-dapples eager leaves that press
To rich blue realm for royal caress.*

*Red-brindled heifers laze and dream
On verdant bank by cooling stream;
The lush fields ripple; shining grain,
High-heaped, o'erflows the creaking wain,
And wheeling rooks with raucous cry
Denounce man's ever-watchful eye.*

*By briar walk wild-roses flare,
And amorous bees throb on the air,
Summer, in beauty's raiment dressed,
Sets her fair scene at love's behest:
Thus with her worldly hour gone
She may within our hearts live on.*

ARTHUR TURCK.

Turbans of the North

JOHN DAWN

THERE is probably nothing more individual than a woman's hat. Look around you and you will be lucky to see two which are identical. Amongst men there prevails a more notable uniformity, though even here great variety exists. A man may wear a hat—cocked, high, tall, top, silk, opera, or crushed. Or, if he is a rakish fellow, there is the beaver, castor, bonnet, tile, wideawake, billycock, glengarry, tam-o'-shanter, or topee—to mention a few only. With such a wide range, the pity is that so many people go about with no hats at all.

In parts of Northern India, where I served for some years, no mature man, however humble his social status, would be seen abroad without a headdress, and it was a discourtesy to one's host to take one's hat off inside his house, though, curiously, it was very proper to discard one's shoes. I am speaking, of course, of the courtesies of Indian society, to which Europeans, with their other ideas, did not generally conform.

In the Indian Army we wore several kinds of headgear. I came out in the early '30s with a cork Wolseley helmet, which on pain of immediate sunstroke I was warned never to go without during the day when abroad. Particularly dangerous, I was advised, was the monsoon period when the clouds obscured the sun, for in the deceptive gloom one might light-heartedly dispense with one's topee, and be struck down by those still-lethal rays.

The War changed that. I do not know whether it was as a result of medical advice that we discarded the sun-helmet—pith or cork, or whether there was a shortage of both these commodities which produced a refreshing disregard for the sun, but we walked abroad sometimes hatless, with no more grievous results, perhaps, than a carpeting before the colonel for being improperly dressed—or would it be undressed?

Nevertheless, there is a great deal to be said for being 'hatted,' however madly; and instinctively, for I can produce no arguments for my attitude, I regard the hatless man as one lacking in a sense of responsibility. I would not easily trust such a man with an enterprise, and I fear, though he might not misappropriate money entrusted to him, he would very likely lose it.

OF all the headdresses I have ever seen or tried, however, none can equal the turban, as worn in Northern India. Strangely enough, although the turban is more widely used in that part of the subcontinent than almost anywhere else in the world, and although the word is of oriental origin, being, in fact, Persian, the word 'turban' is never employed to describe it. There, it is known as the 'pagri,' or, in its finer form, as the 'safa.'

The pagri, or safa, usually of light muslin or silk, varies in length from about 4½ to 7 yards, wound in lateral folds around the head. Like the Western man's ties or scarves, it is to be found in an extensive range of colours, from the coolie's coarse length of cloth, loosely wound to provide a platform on the skull for carrying luggage and merchandise, to the gorgeous, bejewelled turban of the maharajah.

As a rule the Moslem of India wears with his pagri a 'khula,' a small dome-shaped skullcap, prototype of the fez, around which the turban can be bound. This has the advantage that when the headdress is removed the turban does not uncoil.

While the general vogue of the turban suggests uniformity, there is really a large variety of ways in which it is bound. No man, however, follows his own sweet will in this matter. He ties his turban in accordance with the fashion appropriate to his tribe

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

and social status. Dogra, Pathan, Sikh, Jat, whatever the tribe, the turban is wound in a certain manner, so that the kingly Rajput (*raj*, king; *putra*, offspring), though all else he may be wearing is a loincloth, may yet be recognised as such.

Indian regiments, in determining for essential uniformity the pattern in which the khaki pagri was to be tied, followed closely caste and tribal custom. With experience, therefore, it was possible to identify the Mahratta from the Dogra or Jat long before you saw the soldier's shoulder-titles, which revealed that he belonged to the Mahratta Light Infantry, or to the Jat or Dogra Regiments.

Turbans were also worn by British officers of Indian regiments, though only ceremonially so, and by those of Indian Cavalry, who on a ceremonial parade still retained the colourful turban of the pre-khaki period. In the Indian Infantry, British officers usually only wore the turban when on operations on the North-west Frontier and elsewhere. On the Frontier, the sniper was apt to pay particular attention to British officers conspicuously helmeted amongst their brown, turbaned soldiers. A necessary prudence, therefore, favoured the adoption of the same headdress as their soldiers. For these reasons the author, while serving with a corps of Pathan Irregulars in Waziristan, invariably wore the pagri when out with a patrol.

MY first experience with the pagri was uncomfortable. Zamir Shah, my orderly, had prepared one for me, tied around the aforementioned khula, or skullcap. It was too small. A careful search through the garrison of Ladha, the little outpost where we were at the time, failed to produce someone with a head of exactly the same size as my own,

who could then prepare a pagri for me which would be a suitable fit.

On this account I decided to teach myself how to tie one. My early attempts were not very successful, but with a little practice I managed to produce quite a smart pagri, bound after the fashion of the Orakzais, one of our trans-frontier tribes.

I found the self-tied pagri very comfortable and satisfactory, but my choice of the Orakzai pattern had an unforeseen consequence. Men of the other subtribes of Pathan—and there were over a score such tribes represented in the corps—took it that my turban signified favour of the Orakzai over all the others, the Afridi, Mohmand, Swati, etc. Henceforth I became unshakably identified as a kind of Orakzai officer from whom no impartiality could be expected.

The turban, however, went out of favour in the Indian Army during the Second World War, and the Indian soldier took quite happily to the beret or the Gurkha slouch-hat. A notable exception to the change of fashion was the Sikh, who for religious and practical reasons continued to wear the turban. Sikhs, as is well known, must not cut the hair on their bodies. Hence they grow it as long as any woman. Since their hair was plaited and rolled into a tight bun, the turban was more useful than any other headdress for keeping the bun in position.

Although the turban was temporarily eclipsed by the beret, it is very likely back in vogue again in these more leisurely days. And lest the turban be assumed to be an impracticable and unsoldierly article in Western eyes, I may be forgiven for pointing out that it has often served as a bandage for a wounded soldier, and as a most convenient sling for carrying a wounded man down mountain-slopes.

Kitchen-Maids

*Wooden spoons are workers,
Countrylike and brown,
Poking into pots and pans,
Busy up and down;
Silver spoons are idlers,
Delicate and fine,
Gracefully they lie at ease,
Prettily they shine.*

*Wooden spoons are mixing
All to boil and bake;
Silver spoons are eating up
Everything they make:
Silver spoons are ladies
Living in the hall;
Wooden spoons are kitchen-maids
Waiting on them all.*

ELIZABETH FLEMING.

The Sentinel

STAN TUTT

GRAN'PA, his whiskers white as the down on a thistle-seed, leaned out over the verandah railing to watch the few cockatoos wheel into the corn-patch far down on the river-flats. 'Not like they were once,' he remarked. 'I mind the time when they came down like a cloud—almost one for every cornstalk.'

The old man shaded his eyes with one hard brown hand, peering across the mile or so of green grassland that stretched from the foot of the hill on which the farmhouse was built, seeking something in the tall forest trees that stood away from the green timber-belt lining the riverbank. His lean old face lighted. 'Ah, he's there in the top o' that red-gum. They allus set a sentinel, an' by the hokey it's a good man who gets within gunshot of the flock.'

But no one was paying attention to Gran'pa. Marge, his daughter, was in the kitchen, and Harry junior, who listened to all Gran'pa had to say with the wonder and interest of an eight-year-old explorer hearing of new and amazing lands, was late home from the bush school, which shared a quiet hillside with legion forest trees. Big Harry was somewhere in the orchard at the back, chipping summer weeds.

Gran'pa's voice trailed off when he realised no one was listening, and he sat in the easy canvas deck-chair that Marge had put out for him. He felt as lonely as one wild-duck flying the night sky. He often felt like that since Gran'ma went—lost and alone, just waiting for someone to call him away somewhere. He'd been back on the farm a week, and frequently when he sat by himself he wondered where he would spend the time until that call came. He hated living in Brisbane with Jim. The suburban houses seemed to jostle each other, pressing together as if they'd like to

eat the little green yards between. No elbow-room for a man. And he couldn't go back to the seaside cottage he'd shared with Gran'ma. There was nothing in the world so empty as that cottage now.

He wished Harry junior would come home so that he could tell about the sentinel, down there in the top of the red-gum, watching while the flock tore husks from the ripening grain. 'Dodblast it!' cried Gran'pa, standing up, his eyes bright with purpose. 'I'll have a shot.' He went into the kitchen. 'Where's the gun—an' some cartridges?'

Marge, his youngest daughter, looked up from the potatoes she was in process of peeling. 'What you going to shoot, Gran'pa?' she asked.

'Cockatoos down in the corn.'

'They do little harm—only small flocks now.'

'I know, but I just want to have a shot,' Gran'pa insisted stubbornly.

'Oh, all right.' She left the kitchen, returning with a single-barrel 12-bore gun and half-a-dozen cartridges.

'Shotgun,' grumbled Gran'pa. 'Haven't you got a rifle?'

'No, an' you jest mind the kick if you shoot with that gun.'

Gran'pa examined the cartridges approvingly. 'Heavy shot—Number One.' He grinned suddenly. 'An' don't you worry about me. I'd fire millions—yes, millions—o' shots before you could eat a steak, an' that is some time back.'

GRAN'PA left the house, snuggling the gunstock under his right arm, and he followed a wrinkle in the hillside so that the sentinel a mile away would not see him coming. Once he got down the hill, he'd go

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

along a gully bottom into the river, and the belt of trees skirting the riverbank would give him cover, to within a hundred paces of the fence around the corn-patch. Gran'pa knew the way, for sixty-one years rolled back on the long shadows which were leaning from the few trees left on the hill, and Gran'pa was no longer an old man with the grey of seventy-three years on him, but a barefoot lad of twelve, sneaking down the hill for the first real shot with his new rifle, and there weren't merely a few cockatoos in a big corn-patch, but a screaming cloud of them tearing the grain from the two acres he'd helped burn from the standing scrub.

He remembered that the shadows lay the other way then, for it was early morning, and there were more of them, for a lot of trees grew on the slope. And the Old Man and Mother were outside the shingle-roofed hut watching the flock of big white birds eating their months of toil. They came every morning and evening, and Mother beat an old can, hoping to frighten them, while the Old Man cursed them for thieves and robbers. But the cockatoos had become contemptuous of the tin can and the shouting. This morning, however, there was no din, no shouting—a barefoot lad was carrying death to the marauders. After this they would heed the warning from the hill.

Keeping low now so that the banks hid him, Gran'pa shuffled into the head of the gully. He paused beside a bold stone outcrop half-covered by a bush of lantana. There was no lantana there when the brindle heifer had the first calf born on the farm right beside that outcrop. Lantana was a pest some fool had imported for pretty hedges—and now it covered thousands of acres of the best land in Queensland. Dodblast it! No, when he found the calf this was a wild place, smelling of dead leaves, shaded by the jumbled trees and vines that hid the gully, and the heifer was standing, wild-eyed, over her calf when he got there, and a rustling of padded feet in the dead leaves as the dingoes fled into the scrub told the reason for the lowing and the crashing of brush which had brought him to the spot.

His grip tightened on the gunstock. The damn dingoes got the calf after all. One moonlight night when it was a month old. A silent pack of them, green-eyed shadows running in the moonlight, and Mother almost cried next morning, while the Old Man,

grim-lipped, put strychnine grains in what was left of the calf.

Gran'pa, feeling that the tragedy had just happened, went on past the outcrop, following the gully bottom on to the flat beside the Mary River. He paused, gazing at a little forest pocket set in the land between the river and the gully. Tall blady-grass bowed to the East, darkening with the shadows falling from the West, but Gran'pa could see the faint circular outline where the grass grew thinner because the ground was raised in a time-rounded mound which made that circle—the old bora-ring where the blacks from Jimna to Miva used to gather for corroboree when the bunya-nuts were ripe in the ranges guarding the river.

Gran'pa, like the grey tree-stump standing beside the bora-ring, had heard the voices in the night, when primitive black men paid tribute to their gods, when a lad received the scars of manhood. Gran'pa could just recall the jet faces of Smoky the spearman, who could pin a 'roo at a hundred paces; of Flourbag, who threw a boomerang so that it came back to him like a tame pet; and of a dozen or more—all called by undignified white-man names because the new settlers had no patience to learn their melodious native names. Gone now, all of them, no more than the shadows on the grass-grown bora-ring.

DOWN by the river Gran'pa paused, staring at the sand-beds, which heaved yellow backs out of the clear water. 'I'll be dod-blasted!' he exclaimed in a kind of whisper. That was the place where the Big Hole was—deep, secretive water hiding the fish. One time the natives had caught enough cod in that hole to half-fill a dray. They brought them to the hut, asking flour and sugar in exchange. Gran'pa was shocked and saddened. The mountain soil from a thousand farms lay in the river now, clogging it, leaving no room for the fish, mutely accusing the greedy axes that had bared the slopes without thought or plan.

Resting the gun-butt beside his foot, Gran'pa stood and pondered sombrely. Robbin' the land in a couple of generations, that was what they were doing—an' he had been one of the first to begin, but thank God he'd never cut the trees along the riverbank like some of them.

He brightened, forgetting his dark thoughts, as he recognised the jutting roots of a gnarled creek-tree which overhung the water. Nimbly he climbed on to them, and stood looking into the river. The bottom showed beneath three feet of water. It wasn't like that the time when, long ago, he came here with a thick line and a tin of wood-grubs—that was just on sundown too—and the whitelugs were chirping and fluttering in the trees just as they were now. No matter where he heard a whitelug, he thought of the riverbanks at sundown.

Couching here in the dark, listening to the 'possums scrambling in the trees overhead and watching the stars reflected 'way out in the middle of the Big Hole, it was mighty lonely, but he wasn't afraid, for he knew every sound in the darkness. Then the heavy line began moving out through his hands, steadily, no tugging, just a strong even pull. No cod ever bit that way. He let it go until twenty yards of line had slipped through his fingers out into the depths of the Big Hole, then he pulled. The hook caught, and the line ripped away, burning his fingers. He fought the fish for a quarter of an hour or more before he had it in close to the root-bound bank. Then he could see nothing but the splashing in the dark water. Even when he had it threshing in the dead leaves on the bank he couldn't see it properly—but it was a huge fish.

He lugged it up the hill to the hut, and they had a good look at it. Scales as big as five-shilling pieces, black as sin on the back and a pale salmon on the underbelly, a tail rounded like the end of an oar—and it had nostrils! The Old Man said it was a lungfish, a *Ceratodus*, found only in two rivers in all Australia—an' he should have slung it back as they weren't much to eat.

'Bah!' Gran'pa muttered in disgust. 'There ain't water enough to float a fish like that now!'

A LITTLE further along the riverbank Gran'pa paused to listen to the harsh screaming of the cockatoos. He opened the shotgun and slid a cartridge in the breech. 'Still feedin', by the hokey!' he told himself.

He came to a small piece of vine-laced scrub. The light under the foliage was almost dusky, the Wandering Jew vine covering the ground smelt as it did that morning he came with his

new rifle. Thinking of that, Gran'pa remained still and sniffed. No odour of flying-foxes to-day. But he must not forget to tell Harry junior about the big camp in the scrub down where the oat-patch was now. Thousands an' thousands of big fruit-bats, hanging in strings an' smelling so that the pythons for miles around knew where to come for a fill. There were always pythons lying under the flying-foxes—little ones, an' big ones up to fourteen feet, all sleepy and lumpy with the 'foxes they had swallowed. At nightfall, the fox-red bats took off, and rose out of the scrub in streams until there was a wide black path of them across the sky, heading for some place where the wild figs were ripe or where the tree-flowers held nectar. Harry junior would like to hear about that.

Suddenly Gran'pa stepped from the faint path he was following and carefully skirted a bush, upright like a tobacco-plant, but with leaves twice as big and rounder. And the leaves were all covered with fine hairs. 'Gympie!' muttered Gran'pa. 'Must tell young Harry about them—or he'll get stung, like Moonface Simpson.'

Gran'pa chuckled to himself as he recollected how Moonface Simpson, who was a new chum just out from England, scoffed at the idea that a plant could sting so hard it would drive a horse mad, or raise lumps under a man's arm. And they dared him to wipe his face—oh, so gently—with a green leaf from a gympie-plant. After that, Moonface Simpson didn't wash his face for three weeks because the sting came back like fire every time he put water on the place. Yes, Harry junior must be shown all the various types of gympie-trees.

By now Gran'pa judged he was opposite the tall red-gum in the forest, so he sneaked up the bank, pushing the brush aside with the gun-barrel so that he could see out through the leaves.

The big tree was a hundred paces away, and there wasn't much cover between it and the scrub which hid Gran'pa. The white sentinel was perched high on a bare limb, watching the flock tearing husks from the grain.

Gran'pa squinted up. He knew one screech from that still watcher would send the flock winging back to the ranges for the night. No use trying to get at the flock. It had to be the sentinel. So Gran'pa began to

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

stalk the cockatoo, feeling each footing, moving as slowly as a snail, carefully keeping the trunk of a tree in line so that he moved up directly behind it, and, though Gran'pa's feet were slow, his mind was playing leap-frog with seasons and years. That grass-covered dish in the ground to the right—he remembered the giant red cedar that grew there the morning he came down with his new rifle.

Thinking of the cedar, he recalled Bullocky Nape, the teamster who pulled the log away some years after that. Never was a man could curse a team the way Bullocky could! Rarely used the rawhide whip on them. Cracked it plenty—and swore and shouted with a rhythm which seemed to bring the last ounce from the straining beasts. It almost seemed he filled them with strength through the ears. A wandering preacher converted Bullocky—and he had to give up driving the team.

Gran'pa grinned to himself as he sneaked another foot, calling to mind Bullocky with his waggon bogged at a creek crossing, the team pulling as uneven as a bad toothache, while Bullocky went up and down, urging until he was hoarse—yet not uttering one cuss. He was still bogged when Bogan came up with his team, and Bogan cried: 'Give me a go, Bullocky.' Bullocky stood back, and Bogan took the whip. He cracked it, but didn't flick a hair. Then he began cursing and urging in a voice that carried a mile. The team pulled as one bullock and the waggon climbed from the mud. After that Bullocky gave up the team and went preaching, which Gran'pa never understood, for it seemed that cursing worked more miracles—with bullocks anyway.

BY this time the sun had dipped behind the ranges in the west, and the last sunlight had crept into the tops of the very tallest trees. Gran'pa reached the tree he had used as a stalking-horse, and, leaning against it, peered round the trunk. There were a few saplings and one dead tree between him and the big red-gum. If he reached the dead tree he was within range. He hadn't long now, for soon the flock would leave for the night. The sentinel in the red-gum began a raucous muttering as though complaining to the flock in the corn-patch. Gran'pa flattened against the tree-trunk as another cockatoo flew up

from the feast into the top of the red-gum, and the sentinel swooped down to the flock. Slowly, and with infinite caution, Gran'pa resumed his stalking, using the dead tree-trunk and the saplings as cover. Now he was thinking of the last fifty yards that morning he brought the new rifle down. He'd used a tree-trunk as cover that time.

He recalled how he almost held his breath as he reached the tree and slid the rifle-barrel round the side. The way the big white bird shone in the new sunlight—why, he could even see the sulphur-yellow crest lying back against the white feathers. He drew a bead and, very slowly, squeezed the trigger. The rifle cracked like a whip. The sentinel fell straight to the ground, and the three or four hundred birds in the little corn-patch flew up in a wild shrieking cloud, so confused they settled in the trees along the river—and he ran to get the fallen bird. He picked it up and looked for the bullet wound. He could remember even now. One claw was shot off the right foot, and there was a clean line across the top of its skull, right through the sulphur crest—not a feather left in that narrow line. Evidently the slug had taken the claw, skipped from the branch, and shaved the crest. Feeling like a conqueror, he had put the bird on the ground while he reloaded for another shot—and while he was reloading, the bird began fluttering along the ground, then, drunkenly at first, it took to the air and winged out over the river. Even though he got three birds from the confused flock that morning, he never got over feeling mad about the sentinel's escape.

Gran'pa reached the dead tree, held his breath, and slid the gun-barrel, an inch at a time, round the trunk. He cuddled the stock to his shoulder and got the brass bead at the end of the barrel centred on the cockatoo in the top of the red-gum. Gently, he pressed the trigger. The gun bellowed, rousing the echoes so that they rushed, jostling and leaping, to the quiet hilltops, to the darkening ranges. A puff of small white feathers flew from the cockatoo, and the sentinel toppled from the red-gum while the flock rose, screeching, from the corn.

GRAN'PA hurried to the fallen bird and picked it up. He stood examining it, the gun-butt on the ground, the still-smoking barrel in his left hand. And he stood very

SO YOU WANT A CROFT?

still, heedless of the flock wheeling overhead. He breathed deeply, like a man waking from a heavy sleep. He turned the big bird over and over as if he didn't believe what he saw, for one claw on the right foot was missing and there was a bald gap in the sulphur crest.

'I—I'll be damned!' Gran'pa cried shakily, and sat down on a log, resting the gun beside him, the sentinel at his feet. He sat there as the night began to come, gazing at the bird. He knew they lived two hundred years and more. This bird had seen the old days.

As he mused over it, the regret which had blurred Gran'pa's triumph began to fade, and the loneliness, which had chilled him since Gran'ma went, relaxed its cold embrace. The Old Hands were not so far away after all,

and the old times were warm within him. They were his company until the call came, when he would follow all those he remembered—and Gran'ma—and the Sentinel. Meanwhile, Harry junior would like to be told about the old times. His eyes would open wide when he heard about this last hunt of his Gran'pa's. Contentment came to Gran'pa at last, and he grinned as he heard them cooee from the hill. Thought he had shot himself maybe.

A horseman cantered down beside the corn-patch. 'You all right, Gran'pa?' Big Harry yelled.

Gran'pa got to his feet, the gun in one hand, the sentinel in the other. 'Course I'm all right,' he bawled. 'Better man than I was sixty-one year ago!'

So You Want a Croft?

RONALD K. R. TAYLOR

THE number of people seeking crofts and small-holdings in Scotland is reported to be in the region of ten thousand. Of these, some are crofters or sons of crofters who, having given up the crofting way of life, now wish to return to it, but the majority are people who have had experience in other branches of land work and now want to start on their own, or who merely have grown tired of the perplexities of civilised life and are eager to 'get back to reality.' It is to the 'back to reality' group that this article is addressed.

I have no desire to criticise or belittle anyone, with or without experience, who wants to get 'back on the land.' To me it is still the finest way of living—and, as recent events have shown, an important corner-stone in the economy of Scotland—and I feel that my experience may be of value to some potential crofter.

THE first thing that strikes a croft-seeker is that, at present, there just aren't enough crofts to go round. It is safe to state that every good croft—that is to say, one that has good land, a good house and buildings, and is reasonably accessible—has a tenant, or, if it falls vacant, several hundred applicants will materialise seemingly out of thin air. An applicant with sufficient capital and experience to reclaim derelict land and rebuild fallen buildings will be in a better position than one requiring a croft ready for occupation—but before taking any steps he would be well-advised to make a point of studying the question of compensation and permits very thoroughly.

Because every 'good croft' is tenanted does not mean that the position is in any way satisfactory. Most glens in the Highlands could support many more people than they do at present—and many require larger

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

populations before County Councils and other authorities can pay attention to requests for improved transport facilities, new roads and piers, public-halls, social centres, libraries, etc. It seems to me that, rather than add their names to waiting-lists already thousands long and hang on hopefully year after year, applicants would be better to form land-settlement groups, supported by clan societies and district associations, and press the Government, the County Councils, the Department of Agriculture, the Forestry Commission, and other bodies to inaugurate a land-reclamation and land-settlement plan on a national scale, as has been done in Norway, Denmark, and parts of the United States. This would be a costly programme, and at certain stages would conflict with sporting and sheep-ranching interests, but it is the only way to relieve congestion in the industrial areas and boost home food production.

THE second important point is that no one need expect to make a fortune from crofting. So many acres growing so many cabbages, so many sheep yielding so many lambs and so much wool, and so many pigs or poultry multiplying themselves by such and such in so long all sound wonderful on paper; in actual fact, transport and marketing difficulties, geography, and climatic conditions make hay of these careful calculations. Most crofts are, first and foremost, areas of land producing food for working families, cultivated by women, old-age pensioners, or possibly by one son, or in the crofter's spare time. Only a few larger and better-situated crofts can provide a full-time income for a man and his family. On the others, farm-work, estate-work, forestry, road-work, or fishing provide the necessary cash income.

A small number of tradesmen—blacksmiths, joiners, boat-builders, masons, plumbers—profitably combine crofting with their businesses, and some craft-workers—weavers, leather-workers, souvenir-makers—do reasonably well as part-time crofters, but the demand for such people in any given area must of necessity be very limited. In favoured districts accessible to large markets, intensive fruit- and vegetable-growing and pig- and poultry-rearing can provide a good income from a small area—but the districts must be very favoured and the markets very accessible. A large number of people—including myself—

attempt to combine crofting with writing and painting; a very very small number—excluding myself—succeed. Manuscripts and milk-dishes don't mix!

THE next important point is how to prepare yourself for the crofting way of life. This is a matter of experience and adjustment. It is one thing to grow corn on the rich lands of the Lothians and quite another to do so on a stony hillside in the north-west with a gale blowing and rainstorms lasting seven days, one thing to dream of the 'simple life' and another to cope with a dinner when the peats are wet and the paraffin finished. The successful crofter must combine a knowledge of agriculture with some skill at gardening, plumbing, mason-work, and joinery—must, in fact, be prepared to meet every emergency that crops up, whether it be doctoring sick animals, planting shelter-belts of trees, cutting hair, or catching fish. Reading books and attending lectures help a lot—but practical experience is by far the best teacher. Only by such experience can one learn how to adapt oneself to the rhythm of animals and seasons, how to provide one's own amusements, and how to do such seemingly simple things as walk up a steep track covered with ice and carry a bucket of water across a bog. I myself would have laughed had anyone told me these things required to be learned—until I saw two city friends trying them!

THE above are but a few pointers for anyone wishing to take a croft. For more particular information—crops to be grown, planting times, types of animals to keep, and so on—it is advisable to take a cross-section of local opinion in the area you are interested in and compare it with the official advice from the Department of Agriculture and other experts; then apply your own knowledge and experience and look for a common denominator.

Two things I would like to add before finishing. The first is, don't attempt to hasten your absorption into the local population. 'Highland' accents and Gaelic idioms only sound right coming from Gaels. The second is, please don't write asking me to find you a croft! If I knew of any vacant, I have already several dozen people in mind for them.

Jam in the Home and Factory

M. J. ROBB, B.Sc., F.R.I.C.

ALTHOUGH jams made on the large scale can be very good indeed, most people prefer the kind made at home. Unless wild or garden fruit is available, home-made jam may not be any cheaper than the bought variety, but housewives usually say that it has a better flavour and that the taste of the fruit is not overpowered by sweetness. On the whole, this opinion is perhaps justified, and is due to the fact that the makers' recipes specify a smaller proportion of fruit to sugar. Flavour of fruit is, of course, a variable character, depending on several factors, such as the variety of the particular fruit used, the nature of the season, and whether the fruit is wild or cultivated. It is sometimes the case, as most makers of jam will have found out for themselves, that wild fruit, although giving a smaller yield than garden fruit, has a better flavour.

Nearly twenty years ago the Society of Public Analysts and the jam manufacturers agreed that jams and jellies should be labelled either 'Full fruit standard' or 'Lower fruit standard,' and that the fruit content should be specified for all the ordinary sorts of the preserve. The fruit content ranged from 35 to 45 lb. of fruit to 100 lb. of jam. Early in the late war, legislation came into play and several Statutory Rules and Orders under the Emergency Powers (Defence) Regulations were issued dealing with the composition, maximum price, labelling, and other matters relating to jam. Succeeding Orders revoked previous ones and a number of Amending Orders were also published. The position of the industry must have been one of some confusion, for fruit standards were changed according to the availability of supplies, and even names were sometimes reversed, for instance, 'Strawberry and Plum' became 'Plum and Strawberry'! The latest of these regulations is still in force and now includes marmalade,

which formerly had a separate Order of its own.

JAMS are classified in three groups, called 'Fresh fruit standard,' 'Full fruit standard,' and 'Lower fruit standard,' of which the first-mentioned must be made from fruit and sugar alone, the admixture of imported fruit-pulp being barred. The fruit content for the groups is controlled at 20 per cent in the lower one and at 40 per cent in the better qualities as minima, and applies to some thirty different kinds of jams and jellies. In the case of mixtures of two fruits, the content of each is specified in such a form as 30/10 or 10/10. Any variety of jam not on the list—there cannot be many—has to have the same amounts of fruit. All jams and jellies must contain 68½ per cent of total solids soluble in water: this is practically entirely sugars.

Not every housewife knows that the sugar in the finished jam is not the same as she put into the pan, but consists of ordinary sugar in differing proportions, along with two other members of the sugar group, namely grape-sugar, or glucose, and fruit-sugar, or fructose, which together make up nearly all the sugar in honey. Cane-sugar or beet-sugar are both sucrose, and are absolutely the same substance, in spite of opinions to the contrary occasionally held. When heated with a little acid, even the weak acids in fruit, ordinary sugar becomes rapidly changed into glucose and fructose in equal amounts. Sometimes if a sour fruit is boiled too long all the sugar is so converted and a syrupy or granular jam results.

It is obvious that the makers' recipes requiring that the jam should represent 40 per cent of fruit is at variance with the time-honoured domestic ones, which often require one pound,

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

or perhaps three-quarters, of sugar to each pound of fruit, so that, even when some of the water is boiled off, the amount of sugar could not reach 68½ per cent as in the manufactured article.

Possibly economic reasons first influenced the makers when they used less fruit and more sugar than home recipes specify, but they claim that research has shown that there are several advantages in the method as it prevents the growth of moulds and makes full use of the substance in fruit which causes setting. The proper proportion of sugar, they state, is about 68 per cent when the jam contains half in the original form and half glucose and fructose. The makers have found that when they work to a jam consisting of 30 to 40 per cent fruit, the preserve can be made with a short period of boiling; but, on the other hand, when home recipes are followed, longer periods are required to remove a good deal of water. It should be mentioned that from eight-tenths to over nine-tenths of the weight of fruit in the fresh state is water.

BOILING for any length of time, the manufacturers say, causes a loss of the flavouring substances in fruits, reduces the jellying power of the gummy content, pectin, and even diminishes the amount of vitamin C. All this is no doubt true, yet it must also be admitted that domestic jam-makers usually find no difficulty in getting their preserves to set.

Before jam will set properly, as cookery-books often state, the fruit must contain sufficient pectin as well as enough acid, which is essential for the process. The setting property is not, however, unrelated to the amount of sugar. Certain fruits are known to be more acid in nature than others, and the quantity of pectin they contain varies because it depends not only on the kind of fruit, but also on the degree of ripeness and on whether the season is a wet or dry one. Some fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and brambles (blackberries in England), are naturally rich in pectin, so that jams and jellies made from them set easily. Other varieties, including certain apples, cherries, and strawberries, have much smaller amounts of pectin. This is why gooseberries, or their juice, are sometimes added when making strawberry jam. In this way setting is

improved through the provision of extra pectin and, equally important, extra acid.

The pectins are a rather complicated subject, but it appears that when fruit ripens a gummy substance, belonging to the group including sugars, starch, etc., changes into a soluble form, though when the fruit is over-ripe the pectin is mostly lost because it has been changed into still another substance, which is of no use for jam-making. Then, again, the setting of jam is impaired by heating at too high a temperature through prolonged boiling. The more water one boils off the higher is the temperature of the jam.

The function of the acid in fruit is to render the pectin more easily soluble and, to assist in this, lemon juice or citric acid is occasionally added in small quantities to strawberries, some kinds of apples, and brambles gathered late in the season. The same effect can be got by adding currant juice or by mixing fruits of different characters. It is, of course, possible to buy pectin under a trade name in the shops.

Some experienced home jam-makers say that in order to obtain a good flavour and colour one should shorten the time of boiling as far as possible; others prefer simmering down the fruit before adding the sugar, and when preparing raspberry-jam they may evaporate water off the berries until the weight is down to two-thirds of the original weight. When this is done the jam is ready to pour as soon as the contents of the pan come to the boil after adding the sugar. Little difficulty is found in homes with the usual recipes when the fruit is in a suitable state of ripeness, and most people know that it is better to be slightly under ripe than over ripe, and that a balance can be struck by mixing the two.

Jam-makers who find difficulty in getting consistently good results might improve their average by taking the trouble to weigh separately on a spring-balance the pan itself, the fruit, and the sugar, and afterwards to obtain the weight of the finished jam. Check weighings of the unfinished jam might get over the problem of varying rates of boiling affecting the amount of water removed in a given time. The most suitable quantity of sugar to add is said to work out at three-fifths of the weight of the jam. Although some reference-books give tables for methods of this kind, it is doubtful whether many housewives bother about them.

The Man Who Broke Rule 31

MEX TUTHILL

(Author of *Golf Without Gall*)

GEOFFREY HASKINGS was plump, although his height of six feet hid this fact in some measure. His plumpness was no disadvantage except when playing golf, when it interfered with his pivot and caused him to have a decided tendency to lunge at the ball, more especially on the tee. Although plumpness may affect a man's golf, it never stops his falling in love, and, as it is a fact that big men inclined to run to fat are invariably fascinated by small females of the species, when Geoffrey met Greta Swannson he fell in love as swiftly as a well-hit putt leaps into the can. Greta was fair, five feet, and fine. She liked, as Caesar did, men about her with a bit of weight, so when Geoffrey suggested marriage she was definitely interested in the proposed match.

'The only hazard is father,' she said.

'What can he do about it if we both make up our minds?'

'Dad and I have a pact; we arranged it after mother died. He won't marry again without my consent, and I won't marry without his.'

'But I can give you every luxury. Why should he turn me down as a son-in-law?'

'Well, I've just refused to let him marry a blonde widow, so he may reckon it's his turn to use the veto. Still, there's always the odd chance he may consent. For instance, if you could give him the beating of his life at golf, he might be so subdued that he might give us his blessing.'

'What's his handicap?'

'Twelve, and he plays to it. What's yours?'

'Twelve, and I don't!'

'The best thing, I think, will be to spring you on him suddenly before he can muster all the reasons why you won't fill the bill as a member of the family team. I'll tell him

that I've asked you for a golfing week-end and see how he reacts.'

'Don't you think it might be a good plan to let the old boy beat *me* by about ten and eight, then tell him it would take Bobby Locke all his time to lick him on handicap terms? Praise his game a bit, so to speak.'

'It wouldn't work. Dad despises anyone he beats by more than five and four. No, you'll have to win.'

'It would be much easier to lose.'

'I know it would, but if you lose by too many you'll probably lose me too. I'm going home to-morrow. Suppose we fix it up for next week-end?'

GEOFFREY arrived at Dormie Lodge late on a very warm Friday evening. Colonel Swannson greeted him with the cool politeness of a bank manager speaking to a customer overdrawn without security, and, after arranging a game for the following morning, left him with Greta and went to bed.

'How did he take it when you told him about us, darling?'

Greta smiled. 'Like a caddie with a twenty-four handicap man on a wet day.'

'He was pretty frigid, I thought. Only cold patch I've struck to-day. Gosh, isn't it hot!'

'I hope your game will be to-morrow. He's been practising like blazes ever since I said you were coming.'

'Is he really good? He's a bit fat, isn't he—I mean for a short man?'

'He does carry a bit of weight, but he doesn't play a bad game. By the way, he's a stickler for the rules, so don't try and pull any fast ones, like lifting your ball to identify it and cocking it up a bit, or things like that.'

'Of course, I won't. I always play the game.'

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Wonder why he was so devilishly cool to me?"

'He doesn't want to lose me. He'd have been most charming if he hadn't known you want to become engaged. He hates the thought that some day I will leave him.'

'And if I have my way that day won't be long. I say, will it be okay if I have a bath before I go to bed? I find I play much better if I steep myself thoroughly the night before.'

'Of course, have a bath. We've gallons of hot water since dad had the electric gadget put in.'

Geoffrey loved hot water, and as he lay happily in the bath he thought of the possible game he might play on the morrow. A good drive at the first, a well-hit number four, a long putt, and down for three. Another three at the second, and a five at the long third, then with a few more fours he might reach the turn in thirty-two or so, when he should be about seven up. That would give the old boy something to feel cool about! He whistled the 'Wedding March' softly but triumphantly as he stepped reluctantly out of the bath.

He felt wonderfully fit when at last he stood in his pyjamas and noticed the bath-brush with the long handle. It would be a pretty good scheme, he decided, to try a swing or two with the bath-brush. He gripped it with eager hands, went slowly back, and following through with his usual exuberance hit the electric-bulb, and to his consternation the room was instantly plunged in darkness.

With a muttered curse he dropped the brush and began to hunt for his clothes. He had come into the bathroom in his trousers and shirt with his pyjamas over his arm. He had hung his trousers on a hook on the door and dropped his shirt on a chair, but where the door and the chair were he had not the faintest idea. The bathroom was unusually large, so it took him several minutes to find the chair, and several more to locate the door, then at last with his clothes in his arms he left the dark bathroom, only to find the upper hall in darkness too. Greta must have thought he'd gone to bed, and had switched off the light.

As he stood in the darkness he tried to remember which was his bedroom. It was either on the left or the right of the bathroom. All he knew was that in the proper room was sanctuary; in the other was Colonel Swann-

son, for Greta had said when she showed him his room: 'Don't snore too loudly or you'll wake dad. He's in the room opposite.'

He stood for a time considering the problem, then at last determined to try one of the rooms. If he opened the door very quietly, he should hear the Colonel breathing if he had chosen the wrong one, and it should then be fairly easy to beat a strategic retreat.

Tiptoeing to one of the doors, he turned the handle very quietly and listened intently. All was silence, so he moved towards the dim outline of the bed and dropped his clothes upon it. Instantly he heard the unmistakable sound of someone turning over in bed, and a man's snore. He was in the Colonel's room!

Petrified with horror he stood trembling in the darkness until all was quiet again, then, scarcely daring to breathe, he lifted his clothes from the bed and stole from the room. Closing the door without making a sound, he crept across the hall, opened the opposite door, found the switch, and sighed with relief as the room was flooded with light.

Then with amazement he saw the curious object which he must have picked up when he grabbed his clothes in the Colonel's room. It was labelled 'The Compresso Waist Support,' but to Geoffrey it was plainly and simply a corset.

Lighting a cigarette, he gazed at the support in alarm. What would his host think of a guest who popped into his room in the dead of night and pinched his corset? He judged that he would have the same opinion of him that Henry Cotton would have of a badly cut repaint.

How to rectify his mistake was the question. He could, of course, sneak back to the Colonel's room and drop the horrible contraption on his bed, but this entailed definite risk, for he felt sure his host would waken if he entered his room again and, with a few well-chosen curses, drive him from Greta and the house for ever. Another way was to open his door and throw the accursed thing across the hall, but this would let the Colonel down, for Geoffrey was very certain that no one knew his stout host wore a corset, even though the label proclaimed it to be a waist support. He finished his cigarette and decided to call it a day. He folded the waist support, pushed it under his pillow, and went to bed.

In the morning his problem was no nearer being solved. He had forgotten the key of

his suitcase and had nowhere to hide the Colonel's secret; and hidden he realised it must be. After serious consideration he settled that the only safe place to put the support was around his own waist. He strapped it on and went to the bathroom.

When he went down to breakfast Greta whispered: 'Dad's in a furious temper this morning. He's been stamping about his room like a rogue-elephant for the last hour. I don't know what's gone wrong, but from the way he's been pushing the furniture about I think he's lost his collar-stud or something, poor old dear.'

Geoffrey touched his waist with guilty fingers, and had the grace to blush. 'I'd better let him win and put him in a good humour.'

'You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll beat him if you can. At least he'll respect you then even if he hates you.'

IF the Colonel was cool on the previous night, he was glacial now, and Geoffrey felt his position very keenly; the fact that he felt the waist support even more keenly did little to alleviate his gloom.

Greta drove them to the golf club and left them there. The Colonel did not speak a single word until they stood on the first tee, when he said 'Your honour' in the manner of a morose headsman of the Elizabethan era ordering a felon to tee up his head on the block.

Geoffrey tried a practice swing and to his surprise found that the Compresso had shortened his swing considerably. He tried a few more and decided that the swing felt more compact. He teed up his ball and drove off. To his delight it flew straight down the middle, well over two hundred yards. It was one of the sweetest drives he had ever hit. He patted his waist affectionately as he stood waiting while the Colonel drove a miserable hundred-yarder into the rough.

Geoffrey won the first hole in a birdie three, the second in a par four, the third in a birdie four. With pride in his very stance he hit a crisp number two iron at the short fourth, put his ball a yard from the pin, and holed out for two. He was three under fours, and his shaken opponent, who never looked like winning a hole, gazed at him in surprise and respect. 'Thought you were a twelve man, Haskings.'

'So I am.'

'H'm! Your handicap committee must be different to ours. You're playing to scratch.'

Geoffrey smiled. 'I'm playing right above my usual form to-day, sir, but I'll fade out any time now.'

To his intense surprise, however, the high standard of his play continued. He reached the turn in thirty-three and was dormie nine up on his completely demoralised opponent. He holed the tenth in a par four to win the match by ten and eight.

Colonel Swannson picked up his bag with a frown. 'D'you know this, Haskings, I've played golf for thirty years and this is the first time anyone has beaten me by ten and eight. I'm no match for you. Let's pick up and go in.'

'Just as you wish, sir,' Geoffrey said, lighting a cigarette and feeling more like an open champion every minute. 'Just as you wish.'

The Colonel walked moodily off the green and made his way to the plank bridge that crossed the stream. Geoffrey followed as though in a dream. He could scarcely credit that he had won by the huge margin of ten and eight, for he had never beaten anyone by so much before. He patted the Compresso support, which pressed lovingly around his waist, with an appreciative hand, for he was sure that it had given him victory. It was unfortunate that in his delight in his miraculous play he didn't notice that the bridge was very narrow and had no rails, for a moment later he stumbled on the edge, fell into the shallow water, struck his head on a submerged stone, and passed out.

WHEN Geoffrey regained consciousness, the first thing he saw was the face of Colonel Swannson, red with anger; the first words he heard were: 'Scoundrelly thief!' He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them again. His head ached and he felt wet and miserable. With an effort he sat up. He was on the muddy edge of the stream, his shirt was open, and the Compresso waist support proclaimed to the world that the descriptive words of the Colonel were the truth and nothing but the truth.

Geoffrey buttoned his shirt and struggled to his feet. 'I can explain everything,' he said, with chattering teeth.

'To think,' Colonel Swannson thundered, 'that a guest in my house could sneak into

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

my room like a thief in the night and steal my—er—'

'Corset,' Geoffrey prompted. 'But I can explain.'

'It's not a corset, you unmitigated scoundrel. It's a waist support! D'you think I'd dream of wearing a *corset*!'

'I'll have to have a drink,' Geoffrey gasped. 'My head aches and I'm cold. When I've had a drink I'll tell you everything.'

The irate Colonel looked at him in disdain, climbed the bank of the stream, and Geoffrey followed in a daze.

IT was two hours later when Geoffrey entered his host's study and silently handed him his waist support. Angrily the Colonel threw it on the floor and demanded an explanation. Geoffrey told the story of the happenings of the night before and added: 'So you see I am innocent.'

'You're guilty, sir,' the Colonel exploded. 'Why couldn't you be a man and knock at my door and tell me what had happened? I spent a solid hour this morning looking for that damned support, and all the time you were wearing it! Never in my life before have I come across a rascal like you. If you were the last man in the world I'd forbid my Greta to have anything to do with you.'

But Geoffrey had had not one but several drinks, and he did not feel inclined to take this treatment from a man whom he had beaten by ten and eight. 'Whatever I've done,' he said, 'I've played the game. I

haven't told Greta her father wears a corset.'

'Damn it, it's a—'

'Call it what you like. I kept your secret. But if you refuse to let me have Greta, I'll—'

'Yes?'

'Have to tell the committee of your club that you've broken the rules.'

'I've never broken a rule in all my life.'

'I saw in the club-house you've just won the Veterans' Cup, and, unless you agree to allow me to be engaged to your daughter, I shall consider it my duty to inform your committee that you did not play the game when you won that cup, for Rule 31 of the Rules of Golf says: "Irregularities of surface which could in any way affect a player's stroke shall not be removed or pressed down by the player."'

'What the devil do you mean?'

'I mean this. Your Compresso waist support undoubtedly pressed down an irregularity of surface which could quite easily affect your stroke. You see my point?'

Colonel Swannson gazed at his tall guest in acute apprehension. If he had the impertinence to do what he threatened it would make him the laughing-stock of the club—the man who always broke Rule 31. He suddenly made up his mind. 'I surrender,' he exclaimed. 'You may become engaged to Greta, if you—er—keep my secret.'

Geoffrey smiled and held out his hand. 'On my word of honour, sir. And,' he added, 'will you let me have the address of the makers, for I've an irregularity of surface too that needs pressing down!'

Inchmarnock

*Away to the westland, where soft steals the morning,
The mist on the meadows hangs still in the air:
There is beauty and peace in the vales of Inchmarnock,
And ever the heart finds sweet solitude there.*

*Along the green mountains the young trees seem sleeping,
But deep in the brown earth their roots throb with life:
And, walking the white path that leads to the moorland,
I find I am far from all wearying strife.*

*There, at the eventide, stars in the gloaming
Gleam o'er the forest where once we were young:
Back to Inchmarnock I'll ever be homing,
Back where my brightest songs gaily were sung.*

FRANCIS FARRELL.

Rearing Giant Silk-Moths

GEORGE E. HYDE

COLLECTING and rearing butterflies and moths does not appeal to everyone, though many derive great pleasure from the hobby. Even amongst British species there are numerous attractive insects of considerable size and rich colours, but to see the giants of the moth world in a natural setting means visiting distant countries. For differing reasons most of us are unable to do this, but fortunately it does not prevent all acquaintance with the giant moths. Many of these can be reared at home with very little trouble.

Some of the most imposing of these downy-winged favourites are known as giant silk-moths, and they include the largest moths in the world. Only one member of the family is found wild in Britain, and this is the popular emperor moth, which flies by day during May and early June in moorland districts. It is a handsome species, though small compared with many of its relatives of warmer regions.

The title of giant silk-moth originates from the silk-spinning caterpillars, and because of this habit certain species have been cultivated for commercial reasons. The silk is used for various purposes, especially in Eastern countries, though it lacks the finer quality of that obtained from the more humble common silkworm, which, incidentally, belongs to a different family. It was thought at one time that this product of the larger species might revolutionise the silk trade, and some promising members of the family were introduced into both Europe and North America by optimistic speculators. But the experiment was not very successful and the common silkworm still produces the world's best silk.

ONE of the species imported from its true home in the Far East is usually

known as the ailanthus silk-moth, and to-day it breeds in a semi-wild state in Italy and elsewhere. Its pale, fleshy-looking caterpillars have a strong affection for the ailanthus (the Tree of Heaven), but will also eat the leaves of certain common trees and shrubs, including privet and laburnum. During the late war a friend of mine serving in Italy sent me some eggs of this moth, and the caterpillars that hatched from them thrived on hawthorn when supplies of privet ran out. They grew rapidly, and increased in size from a quarter of an inch to nearly three inches in length. On reaching maturity they spun dense cocoons of coarse silk on the twigs and in the corners of their cage, and changed into brownish pupæ. This happened in August, and a few weeks later the moths started emerging. There was great excitement when the first one opened its graceful olive-brown wings and made a short, flapping flight. It was a male, but several females which emerged later were not so lively, and they displayed little alarm even when handled.

The ailanthus moth varies considerably in size, and the largest belonging to this batch measured about five inches across the wings. It will interest some readers to know that several of the pupæ remained unchanged throughout the winter, and produced moths in the following June. This was a year after the original eggs were laid.

Another giant silk-moth that I have reared successfully on several occasions, and one of greater proportions than the ailanthus, is the robin moth of North America. It measures up to six inches across the wings, and is beautifully marked with wavy bands and areas of reddish brown. This combination of colour appealed to the well-known nature writer, Gene Stratton Porter, and the robin moth is highly praised in her Limerlost stories. The eggs of this species are oval in

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

shape, and are frequently unattached to either leaves or twigs. Those I had, hatched in about three weeks, and the caterpillars displayed a preference for hawthorn leaves. Their growth was less rapid than that of the *Ailanthus* moth caterpillars, and periodically they changed their skins, and appeared in more ornate colours. The final colour was pale green, but their stout bodies of nearly four inches in length were also adorned with curious warts and dark bristles.

Many who served in the Far East during the recent war became acquainted with the renowned Atlas moth. It has the distinction of being the largest of all moths, and examples with a wing-span of more than eleven inches are on record. This species is not reared as often in this country as some of the others, but the Indian moon moth, a smaller insect, thrives very well in our temperate climate, and is noted for its grace and delicate colouring. It has been described as the most beautiful of all moths, and the claim is no idle exaggeration. Its wide wings are pale green, and the hind ones terminate in two remarkably elongated tails, which are flushed with rose. The name of this moth is derived from the crescent-marking on each of the wings. All the giant silk-moths have very distinctive markings, and in some these are rounded and strangely suggestive of eyes. They have also been compared with the ringed planet Saturn, whence the title *Saturniidae* has been given to the family.

The majority of insects are dumb, but the caterpillar of the great peacock moth, a native of Southern Europe, is one of the exceptions. Its colours include green and pale blue, and it has long black hairs that end in club-like swellings. When alarmed, it holds its body stiffly with the head raised, and utters low grunts to relieve its feelings. It is not surprising that a small brood of these caterpillars I once reared won the admiration of many youthful naturalists. Anyone who attempts to breed the species, however, must have both time and patience. On becoming full-fed these individuals spun cocoons and changed into pupæ in the conventional way, but no moths appeared until the second spring following that event. This means that the life-cycle from egg to moth lasted about two years.

THE pairing habits of the giant silk-moth are very interesting, and have aroused

considerable speculation amongst entomologists, and people less familiar with wild nature. The males are more active than the females, but they fly only at certain times during the day or night. Their chief objective in life is to discover a mate, and they achieve this by means of a highly developed sense of smell. The nasal organs of a moth are unlike those of a human being, and are situated in the antennæ, or feelers, which stick out from the front of the head. These are particularly prominent in the males of the giant silk-moths, and enable their owners to locate the females even when they are hidden by thick foliage. Because of this ability it has been suggested that the sexes of the moths concerned exchange a kind of wireless message, but the idea, although certainly intriguing and the subject of various articles in newspapers and magazines, is incorrect.

Moth collectors both in this country and abroad frequently take advantage of the magnetic powers of a newly-emerged female moth for attracting males of the same species. The practice is known as 'assembling,' and our own emperor moth is a favourite subject for the experiment.

Another curious feature of the giant silk-moths and their relatives is that they never take any refreshment. The majority of moths visit flowers or over-ripe fruit, either during the daytime or at dusk, and enjoy a drink. The possession of a proboscis, or sucking-tube, enables them to indulge in this manner, but nature has omitted to provide the giant silk-moths with this useful organ, and the males die shortly after pairing. Even the more robust ladies of the race survive only for a day or two after laying their eggs.

It has only been possible to mention a few of the giant silk-moths in this article, but perhaps the account will stimulate greater interest in the subject. About four hundred species are found in various parts of the world, and these are ably described in the works of different writers. To rear the moths one certainly need not be an entomologist, and supplies of both eggs and caterpillars are obtainable from dealers at a moderate cost. Unless a collection is being formed, there is no need to kill the moths that emerge in the cages. But do not release your pets in the garden and expect to hear no more about the matter. A friend of mine did this, and was for several weeks the innocent cause of considerable excitement in the local press.

From A to Z

The New Chambers's Encyclopædia

Sir HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON, LL.D., Litt.D.

CHAMBERS'S *ENCYCLOPÆDIA* is a name which awakens echoes of early experiences. The present writer remembers it in his father's library about as early as he recalls anything. Not that he opened it then as it stood beside a book called Scott's Bible, which has passed he knows not whither. He can in his imagination hear his father commending the excellence of the article on the Roman Catholic Church, though himself a Scottish Episcopalian. It was later, as student, that he acquired the edition of 1888-92 and, beginning himself to be a teacher, found in its pages frequent valuable assistance.

The present work is no mere revision.* It is a new compilation bringing up to date articles which, or our knowledge of which, have gone through revolutionary changes in times still fresh in the memories of not a few. Take one or two of the articles, scientific or historical, at random—'Atom' (ten pages) followed by 'Atomic Disintegration Apparatus' (which would once have implied a contradiction in terms—how divide the indivisible?); 'British Empire,' to which title is here added 'and Commonwealth,' for 'with the growth of self-government and the evolution . . . to dominion independence . . . the old dictionary meaning of empire went by the board.' India no longer means all that it did, and many of us have had to familiarise ourselves with the name and existence of Pakistan—even the maps in the work seem not to have quite caught up with all the changes.

Go on to German and to Russian History, with some thirty pages to the former, twenty to the latter, the final paragraph bringing the

course of events up to the year 1948—in Russian five-year planning to the present year. But Russian History is not closed with these articles. In a subsequent volume you find, cheek by jowl with that on the history of the United States, an article of a page or two longer on the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. It is a question whether the subject might not, rather than the letter, have been taken as the link, and the Soviet Union been treated as historically a growth, or rather revolutionary birth, of Russia, including now more than the term Russia covers, indeed to-day 'distinguished from most other states by the sheer extent, continuity and compactness of its territory.'

Broadcasting is another theme which receives what seems to me an adequate, interesting, and timely treatment. The same is true of Communism, and wisely the theory is passed over lightly, and ample space given to the practical experiments beginning in 1848 and coming down to the Communist Russia of to-day.

A FRESH and interesting article is that on Drama, some six pages in all. The writer recognises that to what is really drama Aristotle's definition of the component elements of a speech equally applies. A drama is composed of the author (including the producer and actors), the subject, and the audience. 'Without actors there can be no theatrical performance, nor can we do other than think of the audience collectively as a creative part of a stage production.' Again, 'Since the drama does not reach its full being until it is presented on the stage, and since audiences are continually changing in character and interests, the playwright more than

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (new edition, 15 vols., £42, 10s.—George Newnes Limited, London, W.C.2).

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

any other creative writer must keep his works oriented towards the stage of his own time. A lyric poet may sing hymns unbidden . . . the dramatic author must ever write for the present. The only audience he knows is that which exists in his time, its tastes must be his guide.' Hence, one may say, Shakespeare's wisdom, in the historical plays, in making his scenes and characters Elizabethan, not attempting to give stage-life to the monk, the friar, etc., of the Prologue of the *Canterbury Tales*. The article touches with the same good judgment on different aspects of the drama, notably on dramatic language which has received far less attention than it has deserved. 'Dialogue in drama has veered all the way from lyrical tunes . . . through spoken poetic forms, to an attempt to reproduce the language of the common man,' and the writer traces the not very happy effect of the attempts in the 19th century to accept Shakespeare as a model, and concludes that 'the modern stage has failed to create that cardinal tongue, with its delicate balance between the common speech and the non-dramatic poetry of the time, out of which alone effective stage utterance can come.' The whole article merits study, including the section on Dramatic Intensity, in which it is said: 'The final speech of Othello's provides an excellent example of that other quality possessed by dramatic poetry—its power of revealing character.'

A WORD now on some other subjects on which the present writer can only record his sense of their adequacy and their being, so far as he is in a position to judge, up to date. He will touch by the way on one or two literary topics about which he has his own views.

England, at that title, is treated under several heads—geography, social factors (population, religion, etc.), social services (education, employment, health, etc.), and there are separate articles on the Church of England, English History, English Language, English Law, and English Literature, the twenty-four pages on the last-named ranging, as American students are apt to put it, 'from Beowulf to Virginia Woolf.' Similarly with the treatment of France, which takes us from the fifth to the sixth volume, where 'French Literature' carries us from early Saints' Legends and Chansons de Geste to Proust,

Sartre, Camus, Claudel, and Anouilh. 'German' and 'Germany' cover everything from German Geography and History to German Measles, the Literature being given ten pages as compared with fifteen for French and, as stated, twenty-four for English—perhaps an undue allotment, for, as the writer notes: 'There is perhaps no other literature in which the break in continuity is so marked, in which the peaks of a few decades of achievement are followed by centuries of barrenness and depression.' In the same volume with both 'French' and 'German' stand 'Greece' and 'Greek,' with, under 'Greek,' articles on the great themes of Greek Art and Greek Literature, to which all subsequent art and literature are so deeply indebted. Also in the sixth volume is an article on Gospel, but the subject is further discussed under such heads as the four several evangelists and 'Biblical Criticism.'

In the seventh volume, along with important articles on the Hittites, Hospitals, the Iron and Steel Industry, etc., is one on Homer, and it is interesting to gather that scholars have rallied generally to the unity of the poems. 'To-day all "separatist" theories are regarded by the majority of scholars as having broken down through the weakness of the linguistic, literary, and archaeological arguments advanced to support them.' In the eighth volume similarly, along with 'Light,' 'Lung (Dust Diseases of the),' 'Lung (Surgery of the),' etc., is a short but excellent note on Lucretius, the poet whose character and poems have given him, if Virgil remains the first of Latin poets, a strong appeal to many readers. In the article on Mark, the writer demurs to the theory, traceable to Papias, that Mark's Gospel derived from Peter, which is accepted, for instance, by Llewelyn Powys in that attractive, if sceptical, book *The Cradle of God* (1929). The Gospel is based rather 'upon the whole preaching and teaching tradition of the church in Rome as it was received in Nero's day.'

Of the eleventh volume, perhaps the most striking articles, dealing as they do with the direction and results of recent research, are on Psychical Research, including telepathy, apparitions, and precognition, and Psychoanalysis, with which the name of Freud is principally connected, if others have collaborated and opposed and modified first conclusions. Readers should consult the separate article on Precognition, which touches

on the Biblical Prophets and comes down to the experiments of Soal and Carington. The concluding words are significant and weighty: 'When very much more experiment and thought has been devoted to precognition than has so far been possible, it may well be that we shall find ourselves at last in a position to challenge finally and for ever what Lord Cherwell . . . once called "the grim pre-eminence accorded by age-long consent to time."' Psychoanalysis virtually began in 1882, and, as is known, the name of Freud was for a time an object equally of admiration and of abhorrence. The checks in and progress of his work are fully detailed.

PASSING over 'Radar' and 'Relativity,' both again fairly recent topics, I would take the theme, very personal to us all, of Survival of Death, the treatment of which illustrates well, as the *Encyclopædia* does throughout, the change of approach to scientific questions (if not questions of purely physical science) which has come over such inquiries. Thus in this question of survival of death it is said that 'it is only in the last hundred years, or thereabouts, that any effort has been made to deal with the problem by the application of scientific methods, and then by no more than a handful of serious students,' which includes Mrs Leonard, Rev. C. Drayton, S. H. Butcher, A. W. Verrall, Oliver Lodge, Mrs Sidgwick, Arthur and Gerald Balfour. The article indicates clearly and mercilessly the dangers besetting the kinds of evidence relied on: 'What is certain is that unless we can assign an intelligible meaning to the word "personality" (or "mind," etc.) we cannot attach any intelligible meaning to the statement "So-and-so has (or has not) survived death."' The experiences, which forbid dogmatism, one way or the other, are well examined and tested.

Skipping the highly technical fields of Thermionic Emission and Thermodynamics, not to speak of Tanks, a very modern and pressing theme, I would just write a word on, shall we say, the lesser theme of Alfred Tennyson, for that too illustrates the detailed,

just attempt made to deal with the essential. There is no reaction, but there is a recognition of what was true in the old estimate of Tennyson as both a consummate artist and the poet of a scientific age. If he finds consolation, as *In Memoriam* closes, in:

*One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves—*

it is not, as in our youth we scoffingly declared, a proof of Victorian complacency, but springs from his own self-consciousness. 'Man certainly had something to show when he could put into such words as Tennyson's his sense of the phenomena of the external universe. And, in addition to this intellectual contribution, Tennyson's art was a recognisable part of his character.' 'In Memoriam,' Henry Sidgwick declared, 'existed in a region . . . deeper down than the intellectual problems of the day.'

Besides the two articles already referred to on the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the United States, there are in the fourteenth volume articles on Unemployment, a never-ending problem, and Universities, an endless theme. But I have tried to confine my remarks to subjects of recent, or fairly recent, emergence.

IT is difficult to review an encyclopædia. I might have dwelt on individual articles of great interest to myself. Such articles of the kind as I did look at—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Donne, etc., showed me nothing to quarrel with. What I have rather endeavoured to indicate is the new (at least not 'old') approach to questions which has been developed—testing your words at every turn, being sure that your question means something. So much is new, or comparatively new, in scientific, historical, linguistic, geographical, and literary subjects that it is remarkable, as it seems to me, the degree with which the work has kept in touch with these advances in method and in results.

No review can justly omit reference to the utility, beauty, and variety of the plates and illustrations.

Masterly Inactivity

CLINTON GREIG

THE members of the Defence Committee sat behind closed doors around the table in the dining-room of Government House on a sweltering hot day in the rains of 1917 and sweated whilst His Excellency Sir Alfred Readman idly turned over some papers in front of him. 'I'm afraid, gentlemen,' he said at last, looking up, 'that this cable presents us with a rather difficult problem. You are no doubt aware that German submarines have now been reported operating as far from their base as Cape Verde and the Canary Islands, and possibly that is why I have now been instructed to move from their peacetime positions the buoys marking the channel in the estuary of the river.' Then, as he noticed that the punkah had stopped and that most of his listeners were busy wiping their necks with their handkerchiefs, he added: 'Will somebody wake up that punkah-boy again?'

Captain Bludgeon of the W.A.F.F. sprang up, opened the door slightly, and shouted: 'Bambanta?' Immediately the punkah began to swing so violently that some of the papers were blown off the table. He gathered them up, saying apologetically: 'Sorry, sir, it's a new punkah-boy. We had to get a Mandingo who doesn't speak English for this meeting in case what we say here is overheard through the punkah-rope hole.'

'Well, let me see,' began Sir Alfred in a patient voice. 'Where was I?'

'You were speaking about the buoyage of the estuary, sir,' the Harbour-master reminded him.

'Ah yes, of course—so I was. The difficulty is that we have no vessel capable of picking up these heavy buoys together with the sinkers to which they are anchored and of moving them to new positions. Has anyone anything to suggest?'

'Well,' spoke the Colonial Secretary, 'if we can't pick them up we can't change their positions. I suggest that we cable the Secretary of State to that effect.'

'Oh no, no—that would never do. Never admit that we can't do anything. It would only lead to endless correspondence,' said Sir Alfred hurriedly, and then looked inquiringly round the table for some other proposal.

'Another thing is this,' went on the Colonial Secretary relentlessly, 'if even we could move the buoys it would be necessary to warn our own shipping what the new positions are and the date from which the buoys will occupy those positions. If we don't, the first Elder-Dempster ship that comes in will probably pile herself up, and we shall have no means of refloating her.'

Sir Alfred looked rather pleased than otherwise at this fresh difficulty. He was one of those men who owed his success to his ability to avoid doing the wrong thing. He had a theory that the less one did, the fewer mistakes one was likely to make. His long suit was procrastination, and he welcomed difficulties, for the more difficult they were, the more they justified putting off till to-morrow anything that could be done to-day. Too often in his long career amongst primitive people had he seen quite promising men come a cropper owing to their taking action in a situation which, had it been left alone, would have adjusted itself to the satisfaction of all concerned, or at least fizzled out and died a natural death for want of that fuel to keep it alive which precipitate action so often supplied. Whenever possible he made a point of not reporting difficulties to the Home authorities until they had been surmounted. It was so much easier and pleasanter to explain the successful termination of tiresome problems

MASTERLY INACTIVITY

than it was, during their acute stage, to suggest remedies which might be open to criticism, or which, in the end, might turn out to have been quite unnecessary. On the other hand, he always backed up his officials and never tried to blame anyone else for what he himself did—or neglected to do. For these reasons he was spoken of affectionately behind his back as 'Ethelred the Unready.' This nickname, however, did him less than justice, for he was, when necessity left him no option, capable of lightning decisions which, though of a rather negative character, seldom failed to produce the desired result when action of some sort became imperative.

'Well, I'm afraid that makes it impossible for us to take any immediate action,' Sir Alfred concluded, looking anything but afraid or even disappointed. 'I suppose I shall just have to cable the Secretary of State to that effect.'

Here the Colonial Engineer, who had been anxious lest he might be asked to devise some means of doing the impossible with regard to lifting the buoys, said: 'Personally, I think it would be far safer to leave the buoys where they are. After all, we've been at war for nearly three years, and the Germans are far too thorough themselves to believe we haven't yet shifted them. Any of their craft which did try to get in now would probably avoid the channel they mark and in doing so be sure to run aground.'

Sir Alfred received this argument with a look of frowning disapproval. 'Yes, that may be so,' he remarked dryly, 'but, in view of the definite instructions I have had, the matter is no longer in our discretion. I shall, as I've already said, send a cypher cable to the effect that action will be taken as soon as conditions permit, and that despatch follows later.'

A COUPLE of months later, at daylight one morning, a small warship entered the wide estuary and could be seen steaming slowly three or four miles away on the other side of the river, where it eventually dropped anchor and swung to the tide. No one knew whether she was British or German, for there was not a breath of air, and her flag hung vertically, hidden in its folds, and a curtain of thin drizzle made it impossible to see more than her vague outline against the mud and mangrove-bush that formed her background.

At last, when the tide was slack, the Harbour-master and the Collector of Customs volunteered to go off and ask her what her nationality was. They left in the four-oared Customs gig, flying the Colony flag, and, shortly after their arrival on board, the warship flew a flag-signal that nobody ashore could read. When by two o'clock the two men had not returned, everyone was prepared for the worst. But as nothing could be done about it, the situation was dealt with in a manner that could not fail to meet with Sir Alfred's complete approbation, for nothing was done.

A little later, however, a launch came off bringing the Commander and the missing officials ashore. The latter said that the vessel was H.M.S. *Pygmy*, and that they had stayed on board for lunch and had flown a signal explaining this. The Commander went off to call at Government House, where Sir Alfred was frowning over a rather curt cable from Home, which read: 'NO DESPATCH RE BUOYS YET RECEIVED. CABLE WHETHER THEIR REMOVAL HAS YET BEEN CARRIED OUT.' He stuffed this into his pocket and went into the drawing-room to receive his guest, whom he asked to return to dinner that evening and to bring him a chart of the estuary.

After dinner, whilst the A.D.C. was arranging the bridge-tables, His Excellency took the Commander into his office and marked on the chart what he wanted done about the buoys. 'The matter is far too confidential for you to send me a message by any ordinary means,' he explained gravely, 'but could you send me a signal that only I shall be in a position to understand, meaning that you have done what I asked you to do?'

'Yes, certainly, sir,' replied his guest. 'I shall be passing Government House about half-a-mile offshore at nine o'clock punctually to-morrow and I'll fly a German flag half-mast. This will mean, "Removals carried out according to instructions." Will that do, sir?'

'Good!' said Sir Alfred, as he took the other's arm. 'Come and have a whisky and soda before we join the others.'

The next day, within a few minutes of the *Pygmy's* passing Government House on her way to her next port of call, Sir Alfred's message was speeding to the cable-office. It stated: 'REMOVAL OF BUOYS COMPLETED. REGRET DESPATCH LOST AT SEA OWING TO ENEMY ACTION. BUT CONTENTS NOW IMMATERIAL. COPY WILL BE SENT IF DESIRED.' To this he

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

received no reply, and up to the end of the war no enemy ship entered the harbour.

ABOUT the time of the Armistice, Sir Alfred was promoted to a larger and more important colony with a healthier climate. A couple of months later the Colonial Secretary, as Acting Governor, got an urgent cable from Home telling him to replace the buoys in their original peacetime positions. A reply was sent that this had already been done by Sir Alfred before he left.

'Good—excellent,' said the senior permanent official in Downing Street when he read the message. 'Good fellow, Readman. Sort of man on the spot who can always be trusted to do the right thing without fuss and without waiting to be told. Glad he got his promotion—he deserves it.'

In a port a few thousand miles away, Captain Hardboy, D.S.O., now in command of a large cruiser, was telling a brother officer of equal rank who was his dinner guest how he had once, in a little gunboat, moved several very weighty buoys in the estuary of a muddy West African river in record time and without any special gear.

'You always were a damned liar, Stinker,' replied his friend affectionately. 'I remember

when we were shipmates on our first real voyage to sea how you made me believe that yarn about . . .'

'But, Snuffles, I did. I assure you I did, and in a pretty heavy tideway too. It's quite true.'

'Yes, "quite true" is exactly what you told me years ago when as an innocent-looking blue-eyed snotty you spun that other yarn. But I'm a bit wiser now. Besides, I happen to know the poor old *Pygmy* and that she couldn't have done the job.'

'Well, I'll show you,' said Captain Hardboy, getting up. Returning with an old chart and a pair of dividers, he pointed to some faint pencil-marks. 'That one I moved 150 fathoms due North and then 150 fathoms due South,' he explained. 'This one,' pointing to another spot on the chart, 'I moved 120 fathoms due South-east and then 120 fathoms due North-west . . .'

'But, God bless my soul, man,' interrupted his guest, 'if that's all you had to do, you needn't have done anything.'

'Precisely,' agreed the other dryly. 'I didn't. But that was what I was requested to do and was able to report I had done. Great old boy, Sir Alfred. I see he's been promoted. Let's drink his health. Help yourself and give the port a fair wind.'

Just a Case

*I don a look of patient resignation,
I tend my hair and cream my ravaged face,
And wear my latest fluffiest creation,
A dream of frills and ribbons, silk and lace,
Only to gather with exasperation
I'm just a case!*

*With deft proficient touch he checks and eases
My sentimental heartbeat's quickened pace;
Discourses learnedly of rare diseases,
The news, the weather, and the latest race;
Coolly demands 'What coughs? Or pains, or sneezes?'
I'm just a case!*

*I might have measles or appendicitis,
I might have pimples or a wrinkled face,
Or be an old, old woman with bronchitis,
A grubby urchin from the market-place.
He diagnosed me wrong—my greatest plight is
I'm just a case!*

JOAN POMFRET.

Riding to Jump

J. D. WILSON

'DO you ride to hunt, or do you hunt to ride?' In one's childhood one used to be asked this tiresome question by a certain type of older person who, although he (or she) never failed during the hunting season to arrive mounted at the meets of the hounds, was himself (or herself), one always really knew, able neither to ride nor to hunt.

But hunting now is not what it used to be. The opponents of blood sports have recently, it is true, suffered a setback; but a commission of inquiry has been set up, and who can say with what ultimate results? Besides, hunting depends to a considerable degree upon unlimited space, and space in England to-day is no longer unlimited. New towns are being built; the Service departments continue to encroach upon the dwindling acres, both farmed and unfarmed, of our island, and if their right to them may be challenged, their need of them cannot be disputed. Again, wire is the most economical form of fencing; and the farmers, through no fault of their own, are less willing than they formerly were to turn a blind eye to mounted trespassers on their business premises.

One would have expected, therefore, that the horse, which has for long been obsolete as a means of transport, would also, in view of such increasing discouragement, have become obsolete as a means of recreation. On the contrary, however, more and more people, young and old, are learning to ride. Riding as a hobby can seldom have been more widely enjoyed than it is to-day, and once the elements of horsemanship have been mastered, once you have got beyond the stage of consciously trying not to fall off, there arises sooner or later the urge to gallop and the urge to jump. Hence the growing popularity of show-jumping. 'Do you ride to jump, or jump to ride?' would now be a more appropriate question to young riders.

THE show-jumping competitions are among the major attractions of the agricultural shows. Indeed, the farmers sometimes complain, not without reason, that their cattle, sheep, and pigs, which in their opinion ought to be the magnet of the show, are hidden away at the farthest end of the show-ground, where they can be seen and heard as little as possible; but pride of place is always given to show-jumping. To answer this complaint, the organisers of the show have only to draw attention to the crowded ranks of spectators when jumping is going on, compared to the handfuls of enthusiasts round the stock-judging rings. No wonder, perhaps, that farmers are by reputation grumblers. They cannot even have their own way at their own shows!

It seems that people will watch anything nowadays. If we were a 'nation of shopkeepers' once, we are a nation of watchers now; and a show-jumping competition is one of the things that people seem willing to watch. Why they should be so willing is less certain, for show-jumping as a spectacle is far less exciting than a race meeting or a football match. It is monotonous, and it invariably goes on for too long. One reason for its evident appeal is that it is one of the few contests in which men and women, boys and girls, can compete on equal terms; and there is never any doubt as to which sex the spectators favour—it is the female of the species who evokes the most applause.

From the point of view of the performers, show-jumping is admirably suited to the narrowing circumstances of present-day equestrianism. Thus, for the purpose of training, a small field is space enough. Further, jumping takes up far less time than hunting ever did, and it is generally less expensive. To buy a 'made' horse may cost £2000 or more, but from the throwouts

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

of the racing-stables, or from the mongrels of the equine breed, you can sometimes, if you are lucky, pick up for a song a potential winner of a coveted trophy at the White City. There may be some optimists who make a business of breeding show-jumpers, but these same jumpers are more commonly born inconsequently, like geniuses, not bred mathematically, like racehorses. They are of all shapes and sizes, and they are sometimes as ugly as sin. Ponies can, and often do, compete with horses, and they often beat them, for, with the exception of a comparatively few of the higher-class competitions, the jumps are not particularly high. In Grade 'C' Classes (the novice classes) they are limited to four feet in height—well within the capability of a 14-hand pony possessed of 'spring' and the will to jump.

HORSES, like their riders, are temperamental creatures. They have 'off-days.' They are liable to 'stage-fright.' Or they may take an unreasonable objection to the colours of the jumps, or to the crowd of spectators. More usually than not, however, their lapses from grace are unaccountable, to be attributed to no other cause than to the horse's equivalent of having 'got out of bed on the wrong side.' At the show-jumping event of the Olympic Games at Wembley in 1948, the best horse of the Swedish team put up the worst performance of the team, and a British horse refused the first jump. In show-jumping, the unexpected is always happening, but the discomfiture of the expert provides an opportunity for the novice.

The training of jumpers is a technique with no hard and fast rules. It is the uncertainty of it that makes it so fascinating and so exasperating a business, for no two horses jump naturally in the same style. Some like to approach the jumps at speed; others have to be collected, and punched over almost from a standstill. You have to study the ways of your horse. The prime necessity is the will to jump. Unless the horse has this quality, unless it positively enjoys the sensation of leaving the ground—and a great many horses do enjoy it—as a show-jumper it is worthless. The art of training, therefore,

consists in making its instinct for jumping dependable, and in teaching it to clear the jumps.

The achievement of the second objective offers wide scope to the ingenuity and imagination of the trainer. A simple device is to bind the bars of the jump with hedgehog skins—but first you have to catch your hedgehogs. Another method, which has its advocates, is the insertion of weights in the horse's hoofs, after the manner of training high-stepping hackneys. An iron bar attached an inch or two above the jump can be effective, and from this has developed the 'rapping-pole.' With this contrivance, the help of an assistant is needed, whose task it is to raise the pole by hand as the horse takes off and rap its shins at the appropriate moment. These expedients apart, there are, no doubt, many others employed, of which some, if carried to excess, may verge on the cruel. But generally speaking, the simplest, and those least open to the charge of cruelty, work best.

'Spare the rod and spoil the child' may be a useful precept to bear in mind in the education of a recalcitrant son, but with a show-jumper, whose willing co-operation is the first condition of success, its converse is more likely to be true. When a horse makes a mess of a jump, the instinct of the rider is often a desire to beat it. That, in the heat of the moment, is the easiest thing to do. The urge must be mastered, however, for the end in view—to clear the jump at the next attempt—is more likely to be achieved if the simple expedient be adopted of standing still, thus allowing the full sting of the impact to convey its message to the horse's slow but retentive brain. In the privacy of the training-ground, there is sometimes justification for the use of the whip, but the most probable result of its excessive application in public is to sour the horse and to make the rider ridiculous.

Whatever methods be employed to induce horses to jump, of one thing you may be sure—their performance in the ring is but the culmination of long hours of practice, sometimes tedious, often discouraging, and requiring infinite patience on the part of those who ride to jump.

Regimental Marches

II.—Battle Songs and Foreign Tunes

Major T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

BEFORE the days of long-range musketry and when the effective range of bullets was less than two-hundred yards, bands accompanied their regiments into battle and played inspiring tunes to put heart into their comrades. Hence there are a considerable number of tunes that were heard during the period up to and including the Peninsular War. Even so, only two are now found among regimental marches. When the English and French forces were approaching the battlefield of Salamanca in July 1812, they marched side by side, on parallel routes, for some distance. Since each was trying to get ahead of the other, actual fighting did not take place. As they marched along the officers of the opposing forces saluted each other with their swords and the men exchanged ribald remarks. One of the marches played by The Devonshire Regiment on this occasion was a very popular song, 'We've Lived and Loved Together,' which has been adopted as the regimental march. In April 1812 the fortress of Badajoz was successfully stormed by the forces under Lord Wellington. The Sherwood Foresters were some distance away when the siege commenced, but made a hurried march to the scene of operations to take part therein. As they joined the besiegers they marched in smartly to the tune of 'The Young May Moon,' a circumstance which later decided the regiment to adopt the melody as their march.

There are three French airs that were 'captured' on the battlefield, and which are now embodied in British regimental marches. When The West Yorkshire Regiment attacked the French position at Famars in 1793, it was met with unyielding resistance by the troops of Revolutionary France, who seemed to be sustained by the singing of the popular

Revolutionary song '*Ça Ira*.' When the British regiment fell back, the Colonel was considering how the position could be won, when a thick mist suddenly fell. Seizing the opportunity he ordered his drums and fifes to play '*Ça Ira*,' adding: 'We'll beat them to their own damned tune,' and to the strains of the Revolutionary song the regiment went forward again. The French were completely deceived, for they thought it was some reinforcements for them that were approaching, and before they could discover the true situation the Yorkshiresmen had captured their position. '*Ça Ira*' was accordingly adopted as the official march of the regiment.

The old 35th Foot, now The Royal Sussex Regiment, were in the force commanded by the youthful Major-General James Wolfe, who defeated the French at Quebec on 13th September 1759. They were opposed to the Royal Regiment of Roussillon, which they nearly destroyed. In their headdress the French regiment wore tall white plumes, which the 35th took out and placed in their own. To commemorate this exploit the Roussillon plume is worn in the regimental badge, at the back of the Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Roussillon march has been incorporated into the regimental march.

The old and familiar hunting-song 'D'ye Ken John Peel' may sound somewhat odd in conjunction with a French regimental march, nevertheless these two comprise the march of The Border Regiment. This regiment was formed in 1881 by amalgamating the old 34th (Cumberland) Regiment (raised in 1702) with the old 55th (Westmorland) Regiment (raised in 1755) under its present title. John Peel was a Cumberland man, so that John Woodcock, Graves's song, composed to celebrate his friend's exploits in

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

the hunting-field, is appropriate as a march for this regiment. During the Peninsular War the 34th captured their 'opposite number,' the 34th French Infantry Regiment, together with its drums, music, etc., and the march of this regiment has been combined with 'D' ye Ken John Peel' to form the regimental march of The Border Regiment.

In addition to 'John Peel,' two other hunting-songs are the regimental marches of regiments. As previously mentioned, in 1881 the approved regimental march of The Royal Leicestershire Regiment was a Greek song entitled '*Romaika*,' but after the First World War of 1914-18 there was a movement in the regiment to have this changed to a tune more in keeping with a regiment from a famous hunting county. This movement was successful, for in 1933 '*Romaika*' gave place, with official blessing, to the highly fitting 'A Hunting Call.' The other hunting-song is 'Old Towler,' well known in Shropshire, and it is the march of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

APART from the airs taken from operas, a few regiments march past to foreign tunes, the reason for which in most cases has been established. For instance, when Charles II married the Portuguese Princess Catharine of Braganza part of her dowry was Tangier in the north-west corner of Africa. The Portuguese had taken it from the Moors, who did not relax their efforts to regain it when it was transferred to British ownership. To garrison the place Charles raised a regiment in 1661, which for some years was called 'The Tangier Regiment,' but is now The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey). Queen Catharine naturally took a personal interest in this regiment. When in 1881 the regiment required a regimental march, it communicated with the Portuguese Royal Family and explained its connection with Braganza and inquired whether a Portuguese tune could be used as a march. In reply, a number of airs were suggested, and eventually one was selected and suitably named 'The Braganza.'

The 16th Lancers' march is called 'The English Patrol,' but according to regimental tradition it was brought from Austria by Queen Charlotte, who presented it to the regiment in 1766. To this tune was added the Spanish national anthem when His late

Majesty King Alfonso of Spain became Colonel-in-Chief of the 16th Lancers in 1905. 'Milanollo' is the name of the march of The Life Guards and the Coldstream Guards (in the latter case it has been renamed 'The Coldstream March') and refers to two sisters, Teresa and Maria Milanollo, who toured Europe as violin duettists between 1840 and 1850. A German composer named Hamm wrote the march in their honour. During a holiday in Italy in 1890, a colonel of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars heard a series of the 'Litanies of Loretto' played. He obtained the manuscript of some of the melodies and gave them to the regimental bandmaster, who arranged them as a slow march, which is now the regimental march under the title 'Loretto.' The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment march past to an Italian air called *Mandolinata*, which seemed to have been acquired when the regiment was stationed in the Mediterranean about 1890. The march of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment is appropriately entitled 'The Wellesley,' but it is of French origin. According to regimental tradition it was picked up on the battlefield of Waterloo or in French barracks during the British occupation of Paris.

SOME regiments have adopted songs which have a reference to the locality indicated in their regimental titles and about which little explanation is needed. The list is headed by three Yorkshire regiments. The East Yorkshire Regiment go by to 'My Pretty Yorkshire Lass,' The York and Lancaster Regiment to 'The Jockey of York,' and The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry to 'With Jockey to the Fair,' which until a few years ago was also called 'The Jockey of York,' although it is a different tune. 'The Lincolnshire Poacher' was a very popular marching song with several regiments before 1881, but since then it has been rightly reserved for The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.

The Royal Warwickshire Regiment march past to 'Warwickshire Lads,' and The Wiltshire Regiment to 'The Wiltshire,' which is really an old Wiltshire county song. 'Speed the Plough' is an old East Anglian air and it is the march of The Suffolk Regiment, while 'The Red Rose,' which refers to Lancashire, has been adopted by The Loyal Regiment

REGIMENTAL MARCHES

(North Lancashire). The motto of Cornwall is 'One and all' and is also the name of the march of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

BESIDES the songs and airs that fall naturally into a clear classification, as shown above, there are quite a number that are not so accommodating. Nevertheless, most of them are connected with some specific aspect of regimental history. The Rifle Brigade was formed in 1800, and two years later was numbered the 95th Foot. In 1816 it was taken out of the numbered regiments of the line, since when it has been officially known as The Rifle Brigade. However, when the comic song 'I'm Ninety-five' was all the rage in the 1840's, the bandmaster of the regiment composed a march based upon it, which in 1881 was adopted as the official regimental march.

Before the days of mechanisation the Royal Army Service Corps was equipped with wagons to perform their duty as general carriers for the Army. In his *Fifty Years of Army Music*, the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. Mackenzie Rogan, Director of Music, states that when the Sultan of Zanzibar visited England in 1875 a military review on a large scale was held in his honour at Aldershot. Up till then it had not been customary for the R.A.S.C. to march past at reviews, but the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief, ordered them to do so on this occasion. When asked what tune should be played as they went by, he replied: 'Tell the bands to play "Wait for the Wagon."' This was a tune appropriate to a corps whose duties were carried out with wagons. To this tune another was added a few years ago, namely, 'The Trek Song,' a South African air, thus linking the Corps with its distinguished services in the last war in South Africa, 1899-1902. The march of The Middlesex Regiment is called 'Sir Manley Power,' named after Major-General Sir Manley Power, who commanded the division in which the regiment served during the occupation of Paris in 1816.

As its name implies, the Royal Army Medical Corps is primarily concerned with maintaining the health of the Army, and their latest march, approved in 1948, is appropriately entitled 'Here's a Health unto His Majesty.' Their previous marches were

'Her Bright Eyes Haunt Me Still,' which in 1923 gave place to 'Bonnie Nell,' neither having any connection with the Corps. The well-known maypole-dance song 'Come Lassies and Lads' has been appropriated by The South Staffordshire Regiment, but it cannot be regarded as peculiar to the county. The march of the Royal Corps of Signals is 'Begone, Dull Care!', arranged by the late Dr Wood, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and adopted in 1929. During the First World War of 1914-18 the Tank Corps, as it was then, had a tank named 'Willie,' which was regarded with some affection. When the question of a regimental march was under consideration after the war, the old folksong 'My Boy Willie' was selected, in allusion to this particular tank.

In the 1820's G. T. Craven composed a song, called 'The Light Barque' (originally written 'Bark'), for the famous English actress, Madame Vestris, with words by Miss A. Mahony. This song is the march of two regiments—The Durham Light Infantry and The Royal Ulster Rifles. In the latter instance, however, the title has been changed to 'Off, Off, Said the Stranger,' taken from the first line of the song: "'Off," said the stranger, "off, off and away."' The Royal Berkshire Regiment go by to that spirited air 'The Dashing White Sergeant,' by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, director of the music at Covent Garden, in 1810-24.

'Corn Riggs Are Bonnie' is a Scottish song, yet it is the official march of The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster). 'The Maid of Glenconnel' is also a Scottish air, but it is the tune to which that South of England regiment, The Dorsetshire, go by. The 2nd Battalion, the old 54th Foot, was raised in 1755 by John Campbell, later Duke of Argyll, which may have had some influence on the selection of this tune. In the days when the Army wore full-dress, the uniform of the Royal Army Pay Corps was blue with primrose facings, and the title of the Corps march is appropriately 'Primrose and Blue.'

In conclusion, it may be added that a number of regiments have marches specially composed for them without any historical associations or words to them. Several cavalry marches belong to this class, as does that of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service Corps, and a number of infantry marches. The 'Quick Step of The Buffs' is attributed to Handel.

Trailing the Jaguar

WILLARD PRICE

THE footprints were as large as dinner-plates. They were almost perfectly round. They were pressed softly into the earth as if a great weight had been supported upon velvet.

'Just one Amazon animal could make a print like that,' said Roderick. 'It's the jaguar.'

Roderick Campbell was an animal hunter who made his living by taking animals alive for the zoological gardens, menageries, and circuses. When he was not in Central Africa, you stood a good chance of finding him a thousand miles up the Amazon. Nowhere else on the planet, he said, could more curious and interesting animals be found. He had captured the three-toed sloth that hangs upside down from the branches, the human-looking manatee which was mistaken by early sailors for a mermaid, the gigantic and evil-tempered anaconda, the giant ant-bear that flicks out the contents of ant-hills with a red tongue two feet long, the jabiru stork that stands as high as a man, and many other creatures that would delight visitors to animal collections.

But he had not yet captured the king of Amazon beasts—the jaguar. Nowhere else in the world is the jaguar so large, powerful, and dangerous. It is a clever animal, and had up to that time completely succeeded in eluding us.

NOW, however, we had a trail to follow. One of our Indians was sent back to camp near by to get a heavy lasso made of stout Manila hemp. That was to be our only weapon, for it was understood that we were not to use our guns unless it was necessary to save our lives.

The spoor led through a forest that re-

minded one of a cathedral. There were no bushes or shrubs, only enormous columns rising a hundred feet without a branch and then another hundred feet before they spread to form a dark roof through which spots of sunlight shone like stars. Brazil-nut trees, ceiba trees, greenheart trees, all seemed to be trying to out-tower each other. There was no organ in the church, no sound except the occasional crackle of a twig underfoot. Most of the animals of the Amazon are found not in the deep jungle, but on the fringes of the savannahs and along the rivers. That holds good during the day. At night they retreat into the jungle and send up a chorus of roars, grunts, and screams that chill the spine of the camper. The noon sun beat upon the roof, but these dark depths were as cool as a crypt. It was hard to realise that we were only three degrees from the equator.

'How fresh is the spoor?' I asked Roderick. I was not a permanent member of Roderick's party, but had merely come along as an interested spectator. Therefore I was privileged to ask questions.

'It was probably made this morning,' Roderick said.

'How far may we have to follow it?' The forest floor was not as even as the floor of a cathedral, and my legs were already tiring.

'Sometimes the jaguar keeps travelling steadily for a hundred miles.'

But it was not to be so bad as all that. After about three miles the jungle began to thin, and through the trees we caught a glimpse of one of the channels of the Amazon—for a peculiarity of the Amazon is that it follows not one channel but many. The bird's-eye view one gets from an aeroplane sometimes reveals what appear to be a dozen rivers coursing along side by side. They are merely different passages of the Amazon

TRAILING THE JAGUAR

separated from each other by long, thin islands.

'Perhaps it's at the shore getting a drink,' whispered Roderick. We moved very quietly. At the edge of the jungle the great trees gave way to a screen of underbrush. Concealed by the screen, we could now see the beach. And there was our quarry.

IT was a huge jaguar, beautifully clad in a rich golden coat covered with irregular black rings. Its head looked much too large for its body. That is a characteristic of the jaguar. It lay on a log projecting over the river and looked down into the water.

Presently it swiped its paw through the water and brought up a fish. It popped the fish, still wriggling, into its mouth and ate it with great relish. Again the great paw went like a flash of lightning through the water, but this time without success. Another attempt, and up came another fish.

The jaguar is a very clever animal. But this one was not quite clever enough to realise that it was being watched. Like most good fishermen, it was too preoccupied to pay much attention to anything else. Fortunately the wind was inshore.

We retreated a hundred yards or so along the trail and there held a council of war. The Indians believed that the jaguar would return by the same trail. We concealed ourselves behind the great wings or buttresses of a gigantic ceiba-tree that stood beside the path. One compartment between these great natural partitions is large enough to give shelter to a dozen men. The Indians sometimes roof over the compartments and use them as dwellings.

We waited. Four hours later we were still waiting. Several of the Indians were asleep. Hunting is not all excitement. It can degenerate into complete boredom.

But excitement returned when we saw the jaguar coming up the trail. Its oversized head hung low as it studied the strange tracks and perhaps tried to make up its mind whether the creatures that had made them were worth pursuing. As it passed us, Roderick's lasso flew out, encircled the beast's neck, and was drawn snug. The other end of the rope had been tied securely to a tree.

There was nothing, however, to prevent the jaguar from making a lunge at us, and it did so. We melted away like snow-flakes

before a hot wind. Just beyond the range of the rope we stopped to watch. The rope was strong and there was no doubt that it would hold the furious beast. Whether our nerves could stand its forest-rending roars was another question.

DURING our long wait an Indian had been dispatched to camp with orders for the crew to bring our boat to this neighbourhood. The boat was a big scow-like affair called a batalao, and on its deck were numerous cages, some occupied, some waiting for tenants. Now a cage was brought in to the scene of the capture. I looked at the raging animal. 'You'll have to use some pretty powerful persuasion to get it in there.'

'I won't depend upon persuasion,' said Roderick. 'Just technique.'

And intensely interesting was the technique of the animal man in introducing this whirling dervish in yellow and black to his new home. A second lasso was thrown over the head and the rope tied to a tree in a direction opposite to that of the first rope. Now the animal could not move forward or backward, nor to any great extent sideward. The first rope was unloosed and, while eight men held it, the end was passed in through the door of the cage and out at the back between the slats. The men now laid hold of the end of the rope behind the cage and their task was to draw the animal slowly forward while the other rope was gradually paid out.

The theory was good, but the jaguar did not enter into the spirit of it any too co-operatively. It plunged to left and right, then leaped high into the air, jerking one of the ropes out of the hands of the terrified Indians. Roderick made a running jump, caught the rope, slapped it around a tree, and managed to hang on until others came to help.

In half-an-hour the jaguar had reached the cage and was lashing at the door, threatening to tear it from its hinges. Whenever it tried to move forward it was allowed to do so, and whenever it tried to move backward it was checked. By this process it was inched gradually into the cage. Finally the door was slapped shut and locked.

THE roars continued. Presently there came from far away an answering roar.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Roderick listened thoughtfully. 'We'll try an experiment,' he said, and he ordered another cage to be brought. 'This animal is a female. A hunter once told me how he captured a male by using a female to attract him. We'll see if we can make it work.'

The new cage was placed beside the other. The door was left open and arranged with a trigger so that it would close if an animal went inside. A barricade of brush was erected completely around the two cages, except in front of the open door.

Our presence was not needed, and we went back to camp. The roar of the caged jaguar echoing through the woods made us instinctively hug the campfire as we ate our evening meal. The answering roar was repeated over and over, becoming louder.

We climbed into our hammocks, strung up between trees. But it was hard to sleep. The roars diminished into grunts and growls and it was safe to guess that the two animals were not far apart. Suddenly there was a new burst of thunder.

'I think we've got him,' said Roderick.

The roar subsided. We heard little more during the night except an occasional conversational grunt. In the morning we found the female tiger lying quietly in her cage looking through the slats at her new companion, while he lay as quietly regarding her. That was the beginning of a firm friendship. It grew on the trip downriver to Manáos, where the two were placed in a single large cage on the deck of a cargo-steamer bound for North Atlantic ports.

Travel—Then and Now

D. L. HOBMAN

THE ban on foreign travel created by currency restrictions matters very little to most people, but very much to a few. There is always a minority to whom movement from one place to another is a passion for its own sake, if for no other reason. Even Sterne, who divides travellers into classes—the idle, the inquisitive, and so on, not forgetting the imbecile—admits the mere '*besoin de voyager*' as one incentive. The itch to travel, like the itch to scribble, can if unsatisfied develop into veritable torment, and thus it must have been throughout the history of the human race. Restlessness, although it may have become intensified in our age of mechanical speed, is not a new phenomenon, and mankind has no doubt always had its rolling-stones, who have set the stimulus of novelty and change above moss-grown sameness. The cosy shelter of familiar routine, which most men have ever preferred to the

labour—the travail—of travel, was to others little better than a prison. Nomadic spirits need the illusion of freedom gained where all is strange to them, and they themselves are strange to all. The craving had to be satisfied at any cost, even though in the past such cost included extreme discomfort, danger, and the risk of death.

TRAVEL for its own sake was unknown in the Middle Ages, yet we may assume that not all the pilgrims who visited shrines and holy places in foreign lands were moved solely by religious fervour; the '*besoin de voyager*' may have led some men, and women also, to join the great pilgrim bands, medieval equivalent of conducted tours. We are told, for instance, that the Wife of Bath, whom we meet as she is about to set out for an inland excursion, had found time, in the intervals

of burying five husbands, to go to Jerusalem, Rome, Cologne, and elsewhere, and knew much of 'wandrynge by the weye.' In an age when roads were often impassable, when a planned route might have to be changed at any moment owing to a sudden outbreak of fighting in the district, when there was danger of highwaymen on land and pirates at sea, safety could be ensured, if at all, only in numbers. Moreover, pilgrims might always be accommodated in monastic hostels in towns where inns were scarce or full.

Forty years before William the Conqueror landed on the south coast, King Canute on pilgrimage to Rome was already trying to arrange that, in future, pilgrims were neither to be subject to unjust tolls, nor to be overcharged at inns on the way. We do not know whether he was successful or not, but three centuries later, in the reign of Edward III, statutes were enacted ordering hostelries to be contented with moderate gain. So it seems clear that innkeepers, both in this country and abroad, had no particular objection to the enjoyment of excess profit.

Sir John Mandeville, whose observations are supposed to have been based on book knowledge rather than on personal experience, tells how a man may go through France and on by Venice to Jaffa 'with lytel costage and schortte tyme.' He also describes an overland route through Tartary, and advises all Christian men to bear their own victuals with them, 'for there schulle thei fynde no Wight, that will selle hem ony Vitaille or ony thyng.' Food probably always had to be carried, at any rate on sea-voyages.

William Wey, a Fellow of Eton, who went to Jerusalem more than once, the first time in 1458, published some excellent advice in his *Itineraries*, especially concerning provisions. He told travellers that although they could demand hot meat twice a day from the captain, they should themselves take on board two barrels of wine and one of water, cheese, spices, biscuit, bacon, laxatives, rice, raisins, figs, and so forth, in addition to a small cauldron, frying-pan, and platters. All these things should be kept inside a chest with a little door and a lock, to prevent theft by galley-men and other pilgrims; one barrel should be taken into the chamber in the galley—'hyt is ful necessary yf ye be syke.' A cage with half-a-dozen hens, and corn to feed them, would not come amiss, and in Venice, near St Mark's, one could buy

bedding for three ducats, to be resold at the same place for half-price on the return journey.

On one of Wey's voyages a hundred and ninety-seven pilgrims went out in two galleys, and we can guess approximately the size of these boats. We know, for instance, that in 1501, when Princess Catharine of Aragon came to England as the bride of the eldest son of Henry VII, she set sail from Spain in a fine vessel of three hundred tons. The ships, though small, and certainly malodorous, must have been roomy to accommodate all the luggage as well as the passengers. William Wey also advised travellers to change their money in Venice, as the ducat was not worth as much elsewhere, and he suggested that whenever they reached harbour they should land speedily in order to find lodgings before the rest; the value of this counsel would have diminished if they had all followed it and tried to scramble off the boat at the same moment.

ACCOMMODATION improved as time went on, and other travellers besides pilgrims came to seek lodging at the inns. Traders went from place to place, wealthy merchants and humble pedlars; there were minstrels and strolling players on tour, soldiers of fortune and hangers-on to the fringe of the retinue of great princes; nobles took the baths, like Montaigne at Lucca; and there were diplomats and government agents—secret service personnel, in other words. Chaucer, for example, went to Flanders on an official secret mission, and in the 17th century the authoress Aphra Behn was sent to Holland as a kind of spy. Before 1600 travelling had become sufficiently extensive to make it worth while to publish conversation-books in several languages. From one of these the Englishman abroad could choose such a phrase as the following for the chambermaid: 'My she-friend, is the bed made? Is it good?' And lest on departure he was inclined to forget the tip, there was a reminder ready for him: 'Where is ye maiden? Hold, my she-friend, there is for your pains.'

Evelyn, travelling some years later, was less courteous. On one occasion, in Savoy, he arrived late and tired at an inn which was full, so 'I caused one of our hostess's daughters to be removed out of her bed, and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm,

being so heavy with pain and drowsiness that I would not stay to have the sheets changed.' Shortly afterwards he caught smallpox, from which the displaced damsel had apparently been recovering when she was so summarily turned out. In 1644, he stayed at St Cloud in a very grand inn, where the host 'treats all the great persons in princely lodgings for furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the service. Here are many debauches and excessive revellings, as being out of all noise and observance.'

The accusation of debauchery in hostels was not unknown in England, where, at one time, inn-yards were sometimes used as theatres. The guests watched the play from the gallery above, temporary trestle-seats having been erected in the yard for a casual audience; but the scaffolding was apt to collapse, and the plays were considered occasions for quarrelling and licentious behaviour, so that the practice was forbidden, and was in any case rendered unnecessary when theatres were built.

lives, and brought travel, with other things, into general reach, but during the Victorian age it remained on the whole the privilege of culture and fashion. 'I shall probably go abroad and improve my mind with foreign travel. Yes, *parly voo's* the ticket," says that modish young gentleman, Foker, in *Pendennis*. 'It'll and that sort of thing. I'll go to Paris and learn to dance and complete my education.' And then came the 20th century with its development of transport, its travel associations, and new democracy, so that 'It'll and that sort of thing' became accessible to all. Gaping crowds moved about the world in floating palaces which might have had the pilgrims' galleys stowed in the hold, but which offered no immunity from icebergs or other dangers, nor even from the discomfort of sea-sickness; and any delay in the scheduled time of departure owing to strikes disorganised affairs on a world-wide scale.

Size is not everything, and bulkiness can still be avoided by those who dislike mass travel, or could be if it were not for modern currency restrictions. Nothing is lacking to delight and amaze the voyager out of the past, if by some miracle he were suddenly to be transported into this electric age, except freedom of movement. *Wanderlust* had better be folded neatly away, with other aspirations, in a box labelled: 'To await the future.'

MECCHANICAL inventions at last broke up the long-established pattern of men's

Love That Wis Tint

*Roon by the seashore we trysted at gloamin',
Fan the sun drappit doon 'neth the rim o' the sea;
An' naebody kent o' wir licht-herted roamin',
But the mune an' the starns, an' ma Mary an' me.*

*Bricht war the starns wi' the glisk o' her lauchter;
Het wi' the lowe o' her love wis the win':
An' the sough o' the sea spak sae fair fan Ah saucht 'er,
That Ah kent she hid nane but masel in her min'.*

*Saft war her een as the siller mune glintin';
Soothin' her wurd as the lap o' the tide.
Little we thocht that wir joy wis fest hintin';
Little jaloosed she wad ne'er be ma bride.*

*Fon'lie her hert bet on mine; an' Ah niver
Thocht that the ill day wad come, an' we'd pairt.
But the ebb-tide o' Death staul 'er frae me for iver—
An' the swaws alane answer the stound in ma hert.*

ELIZABETH T. DAWSON.

Your Garden in July

JULY is a month when there may be considerable watering to be done. We have had to revolutionise our ideas on water in the garden during these last few years. Formerly it was the fashion to say throw away your watering-can and use the hoe—and there is a lot to be said for the man who by careful cultivation can become what I call a dry-weather gardener. It is wonderful, on the other hand, to be able to use the hose with one of those whirling sprinklers on the end, and so to be in a position to apply artificial rain whenever it is necessary. The sprinkler should be left in position for at least half-an-hour, so that the ground can receive a fair soaking, and then the sprinkler can be moved on to another spot for another half-hour period.

Curiously enough, it is invariably better to use water in this way when the land is firm than when it is puffy. It is therefore quite a good plan to soak ground before digging or forking rather than afterwards. In addition, of course, the growing crops can always do with water during a dry season. You get far better lettuces, the spinach does not go to seed, the runner-beans crop properly, the peas are very succulent, and so on. It is not sufficiently realised that a disease like mildew often occurs because of dryness at the roots, and thus many people fail to water a mildewed plant because they think that the moisture will encourage the mildew and so do more harm than good.

Remember that watering can cause a lack of plant foods in the soil by leeching them out. For instance, I have known it necessary to feed lawns well after they have been given their due dose of artificial rain. To-day, it is possible to buy liquid manure in bottles, and this can be diluted very simply. Such a dilution is an excellent food for growing plants, and market-gardeners have a plan of affixing a kind of contraption to the hose so that the water as it passes through picks up the right quantity of fertiliser with it—and lo and behold the rain produced contains the necessary plant foods as well. I can put anyone who is interested in touch with the

firm that copes with this kind of situation.

In looking round the garden this month, let us take the vegetables to start with. In the south it is possible to make a sowing of French-beans towards the beginning of the month, which will be picked late in September and early in October. Turnips, stump-rooted carrots, and round beet may be sown as other crops are cleared, so as to produce tender roots for the late autumn and winter. When it comes to the second week of July there is the first sowing of spring-cabbage to be made. Choose a variety Clucas's First Early 218 or Durham Early. Northerners will want to make a sowing of lettuce about the 10th of the month, and in the third week they will put in their spring-cabbage seed. Southerners, on the other hand, will sow a Gradus type of early pea for a very late crop. I have known this do better than the June sowing.

It is time to put in the Batavian endive, which will give plenty of well-blanching heads during the winter-time. Sow shallowly, sow thinly, and have the rows at least 18 inches apart. When we come to the third and fourth weeks of the month, we find it possible to lift the autumn-sown onions and gradually dry them off for harvesting. Northerners will have to spray their potatoes against blight, while southerners will probably want to sow a green manure like mustard on a vacant plot, so as to have some organic matter to dig in later on. The matter can always be smashed up with a spade in about eight weeks' time and have nitro-chalk sprinkled over it at 3 oz. to the square yard, so that when it is dug in it does not have a denitrifying effect on the land.

As to planting, it is quite a good scheme to put out plenty of winter greens early in July as certain sites become vacant. Bear in mind a rotation that has been carried out in the vegetable garden, however, so that you don't complicate matters later on. Water the celery and celeriac—they must never suffer from drought—and about the second week plant out another batch of leeks and give the earlier

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

plantings a good feed. Shallots can be lifted immediately the tops start to die down, and they can be left on the surface of the ground to complete the ripening-off.

Some people like to pinch out or cut out the tops of the outdoor tomatoes above the third truss, and as a result they say they get earlier fruits and ensurance that all the tomatoes ripen properly out of doors. Those who live in the drier parts, particularly the east of England, should mulch the late-sown peas and spray them over in the evenings to prevent a bad thrip attack. The globe artichokes should be fed about the second week, and the Jerusalem artichokes should be earthed up.

In the flower garden there is much to be done also. It is the right season of the year for dividing and replanting the flag or German irises. It will be possible to lift the May-flowering tulips and store the bulbs; while most will want to make a sowing of hollyhocks and East Lothian stocks. Don't forget to give the dahlias and early-flowering chrysanthemums a feed. They can do with a liquid fertiliser or with fish manure applied at 2 oz. to the square yard. Layer the border carnations as they become ready, and if you are keen on propagation do some rose budding. The sap should be about right in the briars or other stocks about the second week of the month. About that time also it should be possible to plant the autumn crocuses, the colchicums, and the erythroniums.

It is quite a good time to cut down the delphiniums the moment they finish flowering, with the idea of dividing them afterwards. Don't do this until the new growths develop, and then very carefully separate the clump out so that each part has a young growth and sufficient root-system. Root cuttings can be taken of anchusa about the end of the month, and shrubs like rhododendrons and lilacs can be layered. This is an interesting method of propagation, and can be carried out in a similar manner to the layering of heaths.

Garden pools are becoming very popular and can be built at this time of the year. Even in small gardens there is room for a pool, but it should not be less than 4 feet in diameter and 18 inches in depth. The ground is excavated to this depth and the sides are made to slope. Make sure that the bottom is properly firmed, and it is best to choose a spot which is well

away from any trees in the garden. Cover the soil with newspapers and then lay on a 3-inch thickness of concrete, which should consist of one part cement, three parts sand. Before putting any plants and fishes in the pool, it is necessary to carry out a seasoning, which is done by painting the inside of the pool with a 1 in 4 solution of waterglass, giving three paintings at intervals of three days. A half-gallon tin of another special cement-water-proofing preparation I have in mind will treat 25 square feet. There must be a complete set of plants, fishes, etc., to create a proper balance of nature and ensure that the pool is always clean and sweet. It is advisable to get in touch with a nurseryman who specialises in aquatic plants regarding the stocking, and if you have any difficulty I can recommend a suitable supplier.

Now a word about the fruit garden. There may be a late attack of caterpillar, and the idea would be to spray with Liquid Derris or D.D.T. in the early stages and give a thorough soaking. The moment the old strawberry-plants have finished fruiting they can be dug up and be put on the compost-heap to rot down as manure. Apply horticultural peat in between the rows of maidens and try to get very early runners to strike in consequence. Plant the new bed of strawberries in July, if possible from the best specimens you have selected and severed from the maiden plants this month. You will never regret this early planting. It will make a difference for three or four years to come.

Remember my unorthodox method of pruning apples and pears as described in my June contribution, and continue this work throughout the month, cutting back the laterals to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of their base when they are 8 or so inches long and have started to ripen towards the bottom. If you have peaches or nectarines against the wall, tie back some of the foliage which is shading the fruits. It is possible to prune raspberries and loganberries the moment the canes have fruited, but this should not be done unless there is plenty of foliage about. When the leaf is scarce, it is better to wait until November.

I shall be glad to help readers with their gardening problems. Write to me through the Editor, kindly enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, M.B.E., N.D.H.

Troubled Waters

A. C. JENKINS

AS far as that rogue Terenti Piennin was concerned, the Lapps of Luobbalkyla had a simple maxim—they always expected the worst, while Terenti usually contrived to fulfil their expectations. Reindeer-thief, net-raider, shiftless yet amiable ne'er-do-well who lived like a wild bird of the forest, it would have been easier to keep a bear away from a nest of bees than to keep Terenti out of trouble.

However, even the impassive attitude of the Lapps was shaken when it began to be perceived that the bandy-legged Terenti was visiting with more than usual frequency Paadar Jomppanen's *kota*: not only this, but that Terenti's generally ill-kempt dress, his low-waisted blue tunic piped with red and yellow about shoulders and skirt, his reindeer-skin leggings, his gay red and white ankle-bindings, his flamboyant green scarf, showed unmistakable signs of repair. Even his *neljan-tuulenlakki*, the fantastic 'Cap-of-the-Four-Winds,' had been newly trimmed with the fur of some ill-fated black cat, and a fresh bunch of ribbons added to it.

The object of Terenti's attentions was plain to see, but assuredly not plain to look upon. It was the plump, diminutive Marjatta, daughter of Paadar, who had so unexpectedly changed Terenti's outlook on life: with her pleasant weather-brown features, her blue eyes, her hair neatly coiled on the nape of her neck, with her poppy-red bonnet, her tasselled shawls, her trim gentian-blue dress, she was indeed a figure to be admired. Moreover, apart from Marjatta's personal charm, she would bring to the man she married a dowry of no less than twenty reindeer, and it was only her undeniable beauty that prevented jealous tongues from sarcastic comment on this dowry. . . .

Nevertheless, not even a blizzard in July

could have caused more astonishment in the tiny village of tents and log-cabins than the fact that the hitherto ungallant Terenti, who, valiant enough in face of wolf or bear, but an abject craven when confronted by woman, from whom he sought refuge in rudeness, had been so struck off his insolent balance by Marjatta. Besides, it was common knowledge that Marjatta already looked with favour upon Niila Näkkälä, forest-warden's assistant, and Niila was an important man, who issued game licences to Finnish tourists and whose dress could really be called a uniform. There would be trouble when Niila heard that he had a rival.

All the same, there was Terenti paying his silent court, sitting cross-legged on the birch-brush floor of Paadar's smoke-grimed tent of blanket-cloths, swivelling his bird-like eyes hither and thither, drinking coffee heavily salted and with slices of goat-cheese added for good measure, and all the while behaving with a new-found and ponderous courtesy as awkward as it was obvious.

At first the Jomppanen family, with the innate hospitality of the Lapp, tolerated these visits: they even felt sorry for the solitary Terenti, and their cordial reception began to encourage him, so that Marjatta could not hand him a bowl of reindeer broth, nor Juovsa and Juhani, Paadar's sons, offer to help him with his tarwood burning, without Terenti secretly counting up once again those twenty reindeer and anticipating how he would yet swagger before the young men of Luobbalkyla as conqueror of the fair Marjatta.

Like a man unused to strong drink (though perhaps in this case the simile did not hold water), Terenti's visions went to his head. He began to talk, he began to boast: Paadar had as good as told him he would be welcome as a son-in-law, Marjatta blushed

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

significantly when he approached, soon he would be brewing coffee for her parents, the Lapp ritual when a man seeks a girl's hand in marriage. When he went skiing through the forest, he might even be heard composing a *jolk*, that characteristic extempore Lapp song, in honour of the daughter of Paadar:

*Voya voya, nana nana,
Very handsome, very lovely, Marjatta
my beloved.*

he would sing, and, according to malicious tongues, he would add under his breath,

*And she has fine reindeer twenty
Leaping swift as birds in heaven,
Voya voya, nana nana. . . .*

INEVITABLY the people of Luobbalkyla began to snigger at Terenti and his all-but-conquered Marjatta. 'Niila Näkkälä has lost his suit, Terenti has lost his heart, but he will win his score of reindeer.' Inevitably, too, the gossiping came back to old Paadar Jomppanen, and, warm-hearted though Paadar was, he was also proud.

He had been prepared to tolerate Terenti as a guest, even a frequent guest (for who would despise an extra pair of hands at the muster of the deer or the laying of the nets), but he saw that he must put an end to this nonsensical situation before it became too embarrassing and his son-in-law-elect, Niila Näkkälä, took offence.

One evening, then, Terenti glided in from the forest. Kicking off his skis, he waited smugly outside the Jomppanen *kota* to be bidden within according to custom. Instead, to his infinite surprise, old Paadar came to him and in his forthright way announced that the visiting must cease; the Lapps were gossiping, Terenti had said this and that, and Paadar would have no idle chatter about a daughter of his, especially when she was already well-nigh plighted to Niila Näkkälä, deputy forest-warden. And, as if to add point to their father's words, the two sons of Paadar came and stood by him, and Juovsa spat casually but significantly, while in the murk of the tent Marjatta and her mother, squatting by the fire of juniper-twigs, bent studiously over the reindeer-sinews they were splitting with their teeth for thread.

For a moment Terenti was taken aback. He was hurt and amazed. He had genuinely believed his suit was progressing smoothly.

Now he was turned away from Paadar Jomppanen's *kota* with disconcerting abruptness. Moreover, salt was rubbed in the wound by the fact that as he shambled away between the tents he knew well enough that furtive eyes watched him depart and that already the gossip-mongers were putting their heads together.

'Magpies, in love with a uniform,' he muttered, and turned to shake his fist in the direction of Paadar's tent. His arm fell to his side. Marjatta was following him. He skied on again, but his pace diminished perceptibly, and the girl soon caught him up. 'Terenti Piennin,' she said, laying a hand on his sleeve. 'Do not believe that I was in accord with my father and brothers. They were discourteous to you. We are still good friends, you and I, whatever has happened.'

Words were difficult for the tender-hearted Marjatta. She was sorry for the awkward Terenti, yet at the same time she did not wish to encourage him. 'You are not as other men . . . you dwell apart . . . you possess neither reindeer nor goats . . . nor have you . . . a situation. . . .'

So that was it! That was why he had been rejected. Not on account of himself, but merely because he had no riches, not even an important official position—like that detestable, interfering Niila Näkkälä, forest-warden's deputy.

Terenti's sullen face lightened. Not for long could this effervescent bandy-legged little rascal be kept down. In character, and now, clad in his *peski*—the voluminous reindeer-skin winter-coat of the Lapps—in appearance as well, he resembled one of those squat, rotund toys that will not lie down. 'Never fear, Marjatta. I will show them. That is easy,' he comforted the girl, swivelling his small weather-puckered eyes on her in his most irresistible fashion. With a wave of his hand he skied jauntily away from the village, and his skis sang like birds over the frozen snow.

TERENTI had a plan, and he lost no time in putting it into execution. In the church-village of Vihreasalmi, ten miles distant, the post of verger was vacant. He would go to the Kirkkoherra, the 'Church-gentleman,' as the Lutheran priest was known, and apply for the job. 'Verger' was perhaps a euphemism for a chore which entailed

anything from digging graves to greasing the church-gentleman's top-boots, and its wage was a miserable pittance. Nevertheless, there was a certain respectability about it, especially as hitherto none but a Finn—albeit the half-witted Tuomas Tunkio—had held the post.

Pastor Kuusamo was silent with amazement as he gazed down at this diminutive candidate. Above his snow-white stock his ruddy granite features flickered almost as if he were in pain. His parish was two thousand square miles in extent, and he knew every parishioner in it, even the non-churchgoers. And who, after all, could fail to know Terenti Piennin. 'But . . . you do not even attend Holy Church, Terenti.'

Terenti averted his gaze, not through any humility, but because he felt it expedient to avoid those piercing grey eyes. 'I wish to be . . . regenerate,' he murmured. It was the longest word he had ever used in Finnish, and the effort was akin to having a tooth pulled.

Anyone with less presence of mind than the pastor would have blinked at this idea of a repentant Terenti. Yet possibly in the brooding silence of the arctic wilderness this unmitigated rogue had genuinely experienced an urge to better himself. After all, a century ago, lashed by the tempestuous words of Lars Levi Laestadius, Lapland had been swept by a very floodtide of repentance. Might not Terenti Piennin be the first ripple of a similar revival? Who was the Kirkkoherra, a simple pastor, to deny even such a sinner as Terenti the chance of salvation.

Pastor Kuusamo was touched. All the same, he was cautious. Church services were already apt to be difficult enough as it was. He did not object to the prick-eared, curly-tailed dogs of the Lapps, they behaved well enough and usually slept quietly in the aisle; nor, indeed, did he mind the howling babies in their cradles of birch-wood; but now and then some Lapp or other was liable to go into an ecstatic trance. Such occurrences called for great tact, and the pastor was not at all sure that the forthright Terenti might not aggravate rather than soothe.

'You must prove your sincerity, Terenti,' the pastor decided, gravely yet affectionately. 'I will put you on probation until Saint Erik's Day. If at the end of that time of being *koetteeksi* you have behaved so that no man can speak against you, I will consider making you verger. But you must realise what this means.' He paused, in order to give greater

weight to what he was about to say. 'No more drinking,' he continued severely.

'Nay, Kirkkoherra, never,' Terenti shook his head emphatically so that his hat-ribbons fluttered gaily. 'Never, never.'

'No reindeer-stealing—no trap-poaching—no raiding your neighbour's nets.'

Terenti shuffled uncomfortably. This Kirkkoherra knew far too much about one. He had the eyes of a magistrate and the knowledge of a *sheriff's* agent.

'And you must be courteous to all men—especially to all women,' the inexorable voice went on. 'Last time you came to Viheasalmi I heard you cry out to Maria Guttorm that she,' here the pastor's face twitched, 'that she was as fat as a she-bear in autumn. No more of that.'

Terenti sighed and acquiesced. He sketched a bow and escaped from that stern presence.

TERENTI made his way through Viheasalmi, a characteristic one-street, unlovely, straggling arctic settlement of wooden barns and log-cabins and fishing-huts, decorated with reindeer-antlers and usually painted dull red-ochre, except for the *sheriff's* office and the seedy café-cum-store, which were daubed a distinctive yellow. Even the once-transforming mantle of snow was shabby now, for earth lay in that between-time of the seasons, the weather's struggle time, as the Lapps call it, when winter and spring strive together, and brittle frost alternates with drab thaw.

However, Terenti was impervious to his surroundings, an unusual state of mind for a Lapp. He was too preoccupied with his emotions. He felt chastened, annoyed, elated, all in one. He was chastened by the stern admonishments of the pastor; he was annoyed that he had not obtained the job forthwith; yet he was elated at the idea of even being considered for it . . . being *koetteeksi* . . . on probation. Even this candidature, he realised, would carry with it a definite prestige.

Along the yellow track the *sheriff* galloped in his sleigh. The birchwood runners hissed merrily. The slush spattered Terenti. Terenti bowed deferentially. Maria Guttorm waddled up from the bath-house by the frozen lake. 'Hyvästi, hyvästi, Ruova Guttorm!' Terenti hailed her politely in his best Finnish. The worthy Maria accepted the greeting in

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

suspicious silence and drew her black shawl more tightly about her head. At the door of the café, haunt of passing lumbermen and idle trappers, Olavi Pekkala, the Finn storekeeper, signalled Terenti and made an unmistakable gesture of raising an imaginary tumbler to his lips. Liquor is forbidden in Finnish Lapland, but there is always a trickle of it over the frontiers, or from Rovaniemi, and, whenever Olavi wanted a dubious job doing, he knew the easiest way of approaching Terenti. But to-day, to his incredulity, Terenti did not respond.

'Nay, nay,' the probationer muttered, shuddering at this temptation, and hurrying out of range. 'Strong drink is the devil's brew.'

By the time he skied into the mail-track at Jyrhämä, he was glowing in an aura of virtue. He felt he had made an auspicious start to his trial. Already he perceived that people were beginning to look upon him with a certain awe. The news would soon reach Luobbalkyla. 'Terenti Piennin is the Kirkkoherra's right-hand man,' he could hear them whispering. 'Pastor Kuusamo consults Terenti about his sermons.' Paadar Jompanen would regret his hastiness; Marjatta would be touched by Terenti's devotion. He wondered if that fine white draught-reindeer he had often admired was numbered among Marjatta's score.

On probation—*koetteeksi*. The very word itself sounded important as he shouted it out to the grey crows that sat morosely in the pine-trees.

BUT though in theory being *koetteeksi* seemed simple enough, in actual practice it proved to be a very different proposition, and when Terenti encountered the realities of the situation it was as if he had abruptly come up against an unscalable stockade that threatened to isolate him from his old life.

The first jolt occurred one day when he was making his way through the forest of Kuolema. A fresh veil of snow had fallen in the night, and now a delicate lacework of tracks had been woven across it. One set of tracks ended at a little lean-to trap-house built against the roots of a tree.

Charged with hatred and defiance, glittering like minute black jewels, the eyes of an ermine stared up at Terenti. Several hundred Finmarks' worth of fur lay ready to hand,

even if somebody else's trap had done the work. But it was a queer thing—when Terenti had put the ermine out of its misery with a blow of his ski-stick, he felt all at once as if he were being watched, and he glanced round furtively into the sombre trees from which the snow slid in the noontide thaw. There was, of course, nobody—except a solitary nutcracker, which dipped away, shrieking derisively. Nevertheless, Terenti felt uneasy, and found himself thinking of the solemn words of the Kirkkoherra, the 'Church-gentleman.'

This was actually what the pastor had meant by being *koetteeksi*—on probation: this in all its stark reality. No more reindeer-thieving, no more *trap-poaching*. Terenti was dumb-founded at the discovery that words and reality had a connection. Rubbing his small bridgeless nose with an embroidered mitten, he considered the situation. It was inconceivable that something he had always been in the habit of doing when the occasion arose should now be forbidden. And yet that stern voice had been so emphatic. With a shrug of resignation he tied the slim ermine to a branch, out of reach of marauding wolverine or pine-marten, and sorrowfully skied away through the silent forest.

Habit, however, could not help reasserting itself. Terenti was short of meat. His stock of dried-fish was well-nigh exhausted; with the coming of spring he had snared few willow-grouse recently; what he craved was good red reindeer-meat.

It was inevitable, therefore, that, a few days later, hearing a deer trot away through the rustling lichen, he should finger longingly the *puukko* dangling in its tasselled sheath at his belt. How simple to lasso one, kill it, bury the skin, and feed in rich content, as on many occasions before. Even simpler to transform words into deeds, and when he saw another deer approaching along the snow-pied track, its splayed hooves clicking interminably in their characteristic way, he stepped silently behind a tree and whipped from his shoulders the lasso without which a Lapp would feel naked. A deft throw, and the lasso settled over the cow-reindeer's antlers. A frantic struggle ensued, the deer plunged and reared, but Terenti, with the skill of long practice in the stockades, the winter-muster, the autumn slaughtering, brought her swiftly down.

Nimble he knelt on the animal's shoulder while he fumbled for his *puukko*, and suddenly,

TROUBLED WATERS

to his dismay, recognised from the ear-markings that the deer was from Paadar Jomppanen's own herd. Again he heard the stern voice, saw the piercing grey eyes—on probation.

'*Voi, voi!*' he almost wept in exasperation, and the knife trembled in his clenched fist. Then with ill grace he unslipped the lasso, stood back, and dealt out a parting kick at the panting deer as she struggled to her legs and loped away.

As Terenti trekked through the forest to his shelter of pine-splits and turves by the shores of Lake Suvanto, he was almost beside himself with frustration. Life was becoming intolerable. Was it all for a woman whom he had almost forgotten that he had so trammelled his hitherto carefree existence in which considerations of private property never bothered him—except when some interfering Finnish *sheriffi* had something to say on the subject? Moreover, in the tardy processes of his brain, it was beginning to dawn on him that though he was on probation until Saint Erik's Day, less than a month off, once he proved himself fit for the post of verger, he would be expected to continue behaving in this unnatural manner all the time he occupied the job. He might be condemned to a life of respectability!

SPRING came early that year. The snow vanished, the mighty rivers came to life again, and on the lakes only a brittle sheath of glare-ice remained. Already the first salmon were running. The wild mallard were returning; snowfinches and gay cross-bills went chittering through the trees.

On the bank of the Vaarajoki, Terenti nodded approvingly, and his small nostrils dilated as they drew in the dank spring air, that unmistakable tang which tells of the earth's awakening, of spikes and shoots bursting through their calyces, a tang which, after the iron thralldom of the arctic winter, is like a draught of some magic metheglin to the Lapp.

Terenti stood with his gun cradled in one arm. He had intended to go in search of a capercaillie which was spiling provocatively in a grove of wild currant, but the thought of the first salmon running up from the sea had excited him, and he came to watch.

All at once a veritable monster of a fish slid past in a pool a few feet below. Terenti's breath hissed. As naturally as if it were

another limb, the gun fitted into his shoulder, the rocks echoed with the roar, the water was pocked with a hail of lead—and Terenti scrambled down the steep boulder to retrieve his shattered prey. With the Lapps, the shooting of fish is not frowned upon as it might be in other more elegant waters. Orthodoxy gives way to opportunity; the law of refraction is the only law observed.

Terenti was still bending in admiration over his salmon when retribution (which, after all, had got off to a bad start) caught up with him. 'Piennin!' cried a peremptory voice, and the startled Terenti, glancing over his shoulder, caught sight of none other than his detested rival, Niila Näkkälä, forest-warden's deputy, in all the glory of his semi-uniform, his battered ski-cap and green-dyed battledress.

Terenti ignored him, and turned back to the salmon. Behind his impassive features he was thinking very rapidly. To gain time he helped himself to a generous pinch of snuff from the pouch at his belt.

'What are you doing with that salmon?' demanded Niila, standing with arms akimbo on the tall rock that Terenti had recently quitted.

'Counting the spots,' countered Terenti, sniffing noisily.

'Do you not know that this is still the close season for salmon?' Niila Näkkälä, deputy forest-warden, insisted in his best official tone, shouting to make himself heard above the roar of water. 'The season opens in three days' time—on the first day of May.'

Ordinarily, in the rich rivers of Lapland, which are often so crowded that in spawning time a bear can scoop out with a dextrous paw the untold silver hordes that press up to the lakes, nobody would have fussed over a matter of a few days, but Niila took his duties earnestly, and, above all, though he had no real fear on the score, he resented the idea of the wayward Terenti Piennin being in any way his rival.

'That is all one to me,' said Terenti cheerfully. 'I cannot read a calendar. The weather and the wild birds tell me it is time—and the salmon themselves. I need no Finn learning for that.'

'And is this paper all one to you?' cried the outraged Niila, fumbling in his breast-pocket and producing his official warrant. This document was Niila's proudest possession, with its Finnish lion rampant and its official

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

stamp signed by the Governor of Lapland.

'What paper?' Terenti left the salmon and clambered slowly up the sloping boulder. Breathing heavily, he came face to face with his detested rival, this hateful representative of authority and respectability, whose face was puckered in all the ill-concealed triumph of one in an official position. 'What paper?' Terenti repeated deferentially. He put out a hand tentatively, as if to inspect the flimsy warrant, but, instead, suddenly lunged forward and gave the forest-warden's deputy a violent shove in the chest.

'Aaaxh!' With flailing arms and a screech of mingled rage and dismay, Niila Näkkälä disappeared backwards over the rock into the ice-cold waters of the surging river.

Denying himself the luxury of surveying his rival in distress, Terenti scampered nimbly down the rock, retrieved his gun, and made off into the forest. Then he remembered the salmon, and ran back to the bank. A dozen yards upstream a frenzied Niila struggled ashore, shaking his fist in which he tenaciously clutched the sodden warrant. 'This will cost you dear!' he screeched, like a crow outwitted by a fox, as water streamed from head and shoulders and the river swirled about his armpits. 'Never will you be verger. Poacher, reindeer-thief, carrion.' But the rest of his uncomplimentary catalogue tailed away in the incoherence of chattering teeth, and in any case the expressionless Terenti did not wait to listen. Swiftly he stowed the grise into his birch-bark satchel and hurried away.

All too well he knew that Niila Näkkälä was right. Never would he be verger. The vision of respectability had been shattered. He had indeed fished in troubled waters—but oh the satisfaction of that gesture of renunciation!

CAUGHT in all the toils of thought, Terenti squatted on a sack of rye-meal in the store at Luusuatuoddar. To reach this remote settlement had entailed a long trek from Kuolema, but obviously Vihreäsalmi, though considerably nearer, was temporarily out of bounds.

Terenti licked his lips. 'Write: "Honoured Kirkkoherra,"' he bade, and the storekeeper's stub of indelible pencil began to crawl laboriously over the sheet of wrapping-paper. "Honoured Church-gentleman. You must

find another man for verger. I resign my probation . . . I cannot be *koetteeksi* all my life . . . it would be the death of me."

Terenti drew breath after that unaccustomed effort at composition in Finnish. He was worried. He did not like to disappoint the pastor in his search for a right-hand man.

'Yes?' the storekeeper prompted impatiently, his lips flecked with purple.

Terenti wriggled uneasily. As he pondered, a sudden flash of inspiration came to him and he pointed his amanuensis back to the task in hand. 'Write further: "Ask Niila Näkkälä, forest-warden's deputy. He is a worthy man, strong for the law. I think he may look for indoor job now. Signed: Terenti Piennin of Kuolema."'

With all the wonder and longing of the illiterate, Terenti gazed at the finished letter and added his mark at the foot, while the storekeeper addressed an envelope.

Wrapt in contemplation of the envelope, Terenti sauntered from the dishevelled store with its litter of barrels and nets, bales of cloth, barley-meal and leather top-boots. In the porch he collided with a sturdy Lapp girl who came running up the wooden steps. 'There's no getting past you,' he muttered rudely as he jostled her. 'You are beef to the heel like an Utsjoki reindeer.'

When he reached the foot of the steps he realised that the girl had been Marjatta Jomppanen herself. He grunted dispassionately and made his way to the mail-box hanging rakishly on a dead tree at the end of the track.

He thrust the letter through the flap and walked on. It was no sense of irony but merely forgetfulness of the conventions of civilisation that caused him to omit the necessary stamps. The Church-gentleman would have to pay the surcharge. It might be thought that he was getting off lightly at the price.

Terenti struck out for the forest at that ungainly yet effective gait which the Lapps can maintain for hours on end. He felt strangely light-headed as he humped on. The very air was different. He could breathe freely once more. It was as if he had rid himself of an irksome load, or as if a wild bird had been released from the bird-lime it had unwisely trodden in—not perhaps a song-bird, indeed more in the nature of a grey-crow, or a thieving lichen-jay, but all the same, undoubtedly a wild bird of sorts.

Shetland's Herring Harvest

How the Dutch 'Busses' Came and Went

NEIL MATHESON

WHEN in 1948 Queen Wilhelmina of Holland walked to the scene of her jubilee celebrations, she did so under an awning of herring-nets. The herring-net is, of course, a symbol of Dutch prosperity, which owes more to the humble herring than to the resources of a vast East Indian empire. There is a Shetland saying that Amsterdam was built 'oot o' da back o' Bressay,' the small island which forms the eastern boundary of Lerwick's magnificent natural harbour. The Dutch themselves declare that their capital was founded on herring-bones.

For centuries the Dutch carried on an extensive fishing industry in Shetland waters, and up to the beginning of the 19th century Dutch coinage was as common as British money in the Shetland capital; and the clatter of sabots, the picturesque costumes, and even the language of the Hollander as familiar as the hundreds of Dutch herring 'busses' that thronged the spacious harbour in Bressay Sound. Indeed, so intimate was the connection with Holland that at one time Shetland ministers attending the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh frequently found it more expeditious and convenient to make the first part of their journey by fishing-boat to Holland.

The Dutch themselves date their regular fishings from the year 1163, and claim that the art of curing herring was discovered by a Dutchman, William Beukeloz, in the late 14th century. There is reason to believe, however, that he only improved on existing methods of curing, and that the industry was firmly established at Yarmouth and the neighbouring town of Lynn as early as 1306.

The Scots claim an even earlier connection with the industry, for it is recorded that in the year 836 the Netherlanders resorted to Scot-

land for the purchase of salted fish, and that Scottish fishermen were accustomed to sell their herrings to the Dutch in the 9th century. What appears to have been an attempt to revive this ancient Scottish industry was made by James III in the year 1471, when he empowered the burghs and certain lords spiritual and temporal to build suitable boats and equipment for the prosecution of fishing in northern waters, an enactment which was endorsed by James IV, who ordered the burghs, each according to its resources, to provide the necessary boats and gear. These were duly forthcoming, and the island of Lewis was chosen as the first site of a scheme which, it was hoped, would ultimately embrace a large part of the Hebrides and provide an effective reply to Dutch penetration. After a few years, however, the scheme had to be abandoned, owing to lack of co-operation on the part of the Lewismen.

ONE of the earliest references to fishing in Shetland is contained in the Orkneyinga Saga, where it is stated that Earl Rognvald of Orkney took part in a fishing expedition off Sumburgh Head; but reliable records of the industry are virtually non-existent until we come to the 16th century, by which time the Dutch had established an extremely prosperous industry, not only in Shetland but in the Hebrides as well. It was during this century that the migration of the herring from the Baltic took place, an event which greatly enhanced the value of the Shetland fisheries.

The importance which the Dutch government attached to these northern 'gold mines,' as they were called, may be inferred from the fact that in 1625 their fishing-fleet in Scottish waters, consisting of more than a thousand

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

vessels, was accompanied by thirty-eight ships of war.

The nucleus of these widespread activities was Bressay Sound, now Lerwick's harbour, which affords excellent shelter for shipping in all weathers, and where as many as 1500 fishing-vessels have been known to find accommodation at the same time.

Lerwick, the island capital, was founded about the middle of the 17th century, and owes its origin, not to the Norse who had occupied the islands for centuries, nor to the Scots who followed them, but to the Dutch fishermen who traded the wares of Holland for the meat, butter, oil, and hosiery of the natives on the shores of the mud bay, or 'leir vik,' from which the town derives its name. The town of those early days was a mere collection of tumble-down wooden huts, and on at least one occasion these were ordered to be demolished 'on account of the great abominations and wickedness committed yearly by the Hollanders and the country people.'

WHILE the Dutch concentrated mainly on the herring fishing, the ling and cod fishing in Shetland waters was dominated by the Hanseatic Bremeners and Hamburgers. In the 17th century more than five hundred of their boats were employed in the industry, the ling and cod being salted on board and transported to Bremen and Hamburg for distribution to the vast network of European markets served through these ports.

From time immemorial the Shetland fisherman had fished, for domestic use only, the cod and ling that were so abundant round their coasts, but the shrewd Hanse merchants were not slow to realise that if the natives could be induced to barter fish for the foreign goods which they were in a position to supply, the industry could be developed enormously. They accordingly approached the local landlords, who had no objection to an arrangement which proved quite lucrative so far as they were concerned, as the drying and curing of the fish had to be done on extensive beaches, for the use of which the landlords received a handsome rent. This was the beginning of the 'haaf,' or deep-sea, line-fishing industry, which was to become the mainstay of Shetland's economy for two hundred and fifty years, and to constitute a source of immense wealth to the Bremeners and Hamburgers until the

industry passed into the hands of the Shetland lairds as a result of the Salt Tax imposed in 1712. In many parts of Shetland the ruins of 'Bremener' booths, erected three hundred years ago in connection with the ling fishing, may still be seen.

The Dutch, however, continued to play a predominant part in Shetland's herring industry until well into the 19th century.

THE rise of the foreign fisheries in northern waters was a matter of considerable concern to English as well as to Scottish interests, and over and over again we hear of complaints against Dutch encroachments of Scottish territorial waters. About the middle of the 16th century, Dutch audacity had become so offensive that a number of the offenders were captured and decapitated; and as a warning to their compatriots a barrelful of their heads was sent to Holland with cards bearing their names affixed to their foreheads.

From time to time efforts had been made to organise English and Scottish herring-fisheries, and it is known that in the year 1532 about eighty crayers from Southampton were fishing in Shetland waters, and that fishermen from Fife were also engaged in the industry at the beginning of the 17th century. These activities, however, did not challenge Dutch supremacy, which was to remain complete and impregnable for a long time to come.

During the 17th century English pamphleteers were busy exhorting the government to adopt protective measures against the Dutch menace, an agitation that was to continue for many years, for, about a century later, we find Oliver Goldsmith lamenting that: 'A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house; and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. . . . We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings as was expected.'

The campaign was not altogether without result, however, because in 1631 James I issued an order that Lent and other fish-days were to be enforced, not for religion 'but for the maintenance of our navy and shipping.' And when, five years later, Charles I announced his 'royal and firm resolution to be the nursery of seamen and to increase the fishing and trade of all parts of our dominions,'

SHETLAND'S HERRING HARVEST

it looked as if a British navy built on herring might emerge to challenge her Dutch rival.

WAR with Holland did come, in 1652 and again in 1672, and Lerwick had its first visit of an English fleet when Deans and Monk, in command of ninety-four ships of war, anchored in Bressay Sound in 1653—a demonstration of power which was repeated twenty years later when the Earl of Sandwich, with a fleet of ninety-two ships, visited the Sound.

In 1703 Holland was again at war, but this time with France, although it was in Shetland waters that one of the major incidents in the conflict took place. A fleet of 500 Dutch herring-busses, escorted by the frigate *Wolfswinkel*, were on their way from Fair Isle to Lerwick when they were attacked by four French warships. After a fight lasting four hours the captain of the Dutch frigate blew up his ship rather than surrender, leaving the unprotected busses to make their way to Bressay Sound as best they could.

Many of the vessels were destroyed before they reached Lerwick, and of those that did succeed in making the harbour, all were burned by the French except such of them as they spared to carry the stranded crews back to their homes in Holland. Four hundred vessels are said to have been lost in this engagement, which marked the first really serious attack on Dutch prestige in northern waters.

By 1750 the number of Dutch fishing-boats in Shetland waters had dwindled to 300—still impressive, but far below the 2000 level recorded a century before—and this number was not exceeded until the beginning of the present century, when the figure rose to round about 600.

Even after the First World War, which brought far-reaching changes in the herring industry owing to the loss of the Russian and other markets, the Dutchmen came back to Lerwick, and in 1925 as many as 590 of their boats took part in the Shetland fishing.

The progressive collapse of the huge European market between the two wars completely disrupted the herring industry, and by 1936, when only 10 Dutch boats appeared in Shet-

land waters, it was obvious that twilight had fallen on a centuries-old industrial tradition which had woven itself into the warp and woof of Holland's national life and laid the foundation of her prosperity.

THE Shetland herring-fishing season lasted from June to September, and the Dutch busses began to arrive in Shetland waters about the 16th of June each year, most of them assembling in Bressay Sound for the opening of the fishing on the 24th of June, before which date they were prohibited by law from wetting their nets. So crowded on occasions was the harbour that, according to one account, 'men might go from one side of the Sound to the other, stepping from ship to ship.' The Dutch did the curing on board their busses, the cured herring being picked up by herring 'yagers,' which traded direct with the ports of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and with ports from end to end of the Baltic, through which the great European network of markets was served.

During week-ends, when the fishermen came ashore, Lerwick presented a truly cosmopolitan appearance, the quaint costumes of the Dutchmen dominating the scene, and the noise of their clogs rousing echoes in the narrow paved streets that fringe the foreshore. There were letters to post and mails to be collected at the Post Office; shops of all kinds did a roaring trade, and itinerant musicians added to the atmosphere of high carnival. Now, all that has gone.

Curiously enough, the Shetlanders did not take up the curing of herring seriously until the beginning of the 19th century, and it was not until the year 1836 that native-cured herring—which were later to become so important a factor in Shetland's commerce—were exported in any quantity. Although Lerwick's economic life, during the last fifty years, has centred largely in her own thriving herring industry, Lerwegians do not forget that their town owes its origin and early prosperity to the Dutch pioneers who, in their vast fleets of herring-busses, came over the seas for centuries to gather a rich harvest from the waters surrounding the Northern Isles.

Science at Your Service

ALUMINIUM AND FARMING

TOO many people assume that aluminium is used either for aeroplanes or kitchen pots and pans. As a metal for making farm machinery and farm tools, aluminium is invading a field long dominated by iron and steel. It is not entirely a newcomer in dairy-farming, for a good deal of milking equipment has been based upon aluminium and aluminium alloys for some years; but until recently it had been little used in arable farming.

The special properties of aluminium are particularly suited to agricultural conditions. Most farm machines must be easily mobile and manoeuvrable: the employment of aluminium in their construction provides lightness of weight, a vital element of mobility and easy handling. Agricultural equipment is inevitably exposed to wet weather, and few farms possess ideal storage space or conditions for machinery: the fact that aluminium does not rust is as important as its light weight. Farm machines often suffer rough handling, and in any case they must operate upon uneven surfaces: owing to their elasticity, aluminium alloys have a high capacity to withstand the stresses of accidental impacts. The extent to which the advantages of aluminium coincide with the conditions of mechanised agriculture is obviously considerable.

Conveyors, seed-drills, potato 'spinners,' dung-spreaders, gates and fences and Dutch barns, and even poultry-houses are being partly or totally made of aluminium and aluminium alloys. In general, painting is not required to protect the metal surfaces in the clean air of country districts. Two simple examples show how much can be gained by using this metal for farm appliances. Tall ladders with more than thirty rungs, designed for thatching and building ricks, can be easily handled by one man despite their size. A hay-rake made from aluminium-alloy tube, including the teeth, has a weight of only 32 ounces. Yet both appliances can be expected to have a long life on the farm.

MINIATURE NEON-SIGNS

Neon-signs with lettering between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height are being manufactured by a British engineering firm and provide an attractive kind of interior advertising or direction-posting for hotels, shops, and public halls. The tubes are made from $\frac{1}{4}$ -millimetre tubing; being fragile after bending, they are attached to an insulated panel and protected in a metal case with a frontal glass-pane. Any style of lettering, or indeed almost any design, can be produced. In fact, the demand for these signs has caused something of a revival in the delicate art of glass-twisting in the city where this factory is situated.

The signs are merely plugged into a suitably placed light-point, and are made for voltages between 200 and 250. A sign with ten letters would consume 3 to 5 watts per foot of tubing. A variety of colours is available, but signs in standard red or blue light are the cheapest. Every sign is given a 36-hour test before despatch and is guaranteed for 500 burning-hours.

A TYPING COPY-HOLDER

Copy-typing, a task that often falls upon office workers and also upon those 'amateurs' of the keyboard, journalists and authors, is a tedious operation because of the constant head-turning and the eyestrain of trying to watch two lots of type almost simultaneously. A simple apparatus has recently been devised which should certainly assist those who have to do much copy-typing. It consists of a steel stand on rubber feet, which can be placed immediately behind the typewriter, and on this stand there is a horizontal copy-holder. The line of type to be copied is in close visual position to the line being typed on the machine. A lever-control is attached to the copy-holder, and this lever is sufficiently mobile to be placeable at the right-hand side of the typewriter. It is only necessary to press down this lever and the next line of copy-type is brought into visual position. The control can be adjusted to any spacing.

SCIENCE AT YOUR SERVICE

MODERN ELECTRIC-CLOCKS

Though the electric-clock is now well established, many people are unaware that it is available with both chiming and striking mechanisms. Development before the war tended towards ultra-modern designs; the return of the electric-clock to the shops since the war, however, indicates a movement towards the more traditional clock shapes and designs. In the chiming and striking models, the single electric-motor controls the three functions—time-recording, chiming, and striking. The weekly duty of winding, a triple task for a non-electric chiming and striking clock, is therefore completely eliminated. It is claimed that the old trouble of a 'lazy striking action' cannot occur. It might be feared that with electric control the tone-quality of the chime and strike might be inferior to the best hand-wound clocks. This fear would seem groundless, for the B.B.C. have used a clock of the electric type for recording chimes and striking. Produced by one of the best-known manufacturers, these clocks are offered in oak or walnut finishes, and are considerably chosen to-day as retirement presentations.

AN AID FOR BLINDNESS

In the United States a patent has just been granted for an entirely new kind of blind-man's stick. Ultrasonic waves—that is to say, sound-waves of too high a pitch to be heard by the ear—are sent out from the stick, and on impact with obstacles ahead the waves are reflected and picked up by a receiver on the stick. The stick might be described as both a transmission and receiving installation. The reflections are converted into pulses which then pass along a wire connected with an ear-attached microphone, where they become audible sound. The stick is powered from a small electric-battery carried by the user. The high-pitched waves initially sent out by the stick are created by a special whistle that comes into operation when the end of the stick is pressed on the pavement. It should be made clear that this appliance has only lately been patented in America; it is described here because of its novelty and its hopeful potentialities in easing the hardship of blindness. Some time must elapse before it is widely tried out even in America, and it is therefore unlikely to be available on this side of the Atlantic in the near future.

A VEGETABLE RESEARCH STATION

A long-standing gap in our agricultural-research facilities will soon be filled with the setting up of a National Vegetable Research Station in Warwickshire. It is not generally realised that market-garden crops have never received the detailed scientific study which has been given to farm crops, like cereals and sugar-beet. Various crops of this kind have been scientifically investigated, notably the tomato crop and certain specialised glasshouse-crops; two famous research centres have concentrated upon these particular examples. In general, however, only scattered research has been carried out upon such important market-garden crops as peas, beans, cauliflower, sprouts, and often enough the *farm* research station conducting this work has done so under non-intensive conditions. A national research centre, placed centrally and near rich market-growing areas, should be of great value to both amateur and professional growers, and ultimately to the consumers of the produce. The three major aims of the new station will be to increase crop yields, to improve crop quality, and to reduce production costs. Plant breeding, methods of cultivation, fertiliser use, pest and disease control, and harvesting and marketing will all be studied.

THE BATTLE OF BOOK-LOVERS

There are several species of book-lovers besides the human variety. For example, there are the *Anoblidae*, perhaps more popularly known as bookworms; there are cockroaches and booklice; and there is the brown house-moth. Given the chance, they all enjoy literature; and the preservation of books in good condition is a struggle between the private or public librarians and these pests. In recent years scientific research has been looking into this problem, and methods of book protection have been worked out.

A primary condition is clean storage. Maybe this is obvious enough, but anyone who has had much to do with books will know that they often pass through periods of dust-laden neglect. This is particularly true of old and useful books which are so often rescued from 'junk' accumulations in country-houses or second-hand dealers' premises. Books which become infected can be treated with the modern insecticides, D.D.T. or Gammexane; or a usefully wide range of chemical fumigants is available, materials

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

such as carbon disulphide or chloropicrin. To-day's books can be protected from a pest-ridden future by using substances which will not provide natural food for insects. Nylon threads for stitching, plastic-treated fabrics for covers, and synthetic resins for binding, these changes will eliminate starch and animal glue from the make-up of a book; it is the normal presence of these organic foodstuffs which encourages insects and fungi to invade the realm of bound literature. Particular attention to these points might be given by publishers and printers when books are to be sent to tropical and humid countries, where fungus attack is inevitably severe.

The treatment of books with insect-repellent substances or the placing of a repellent dust on library shelves behind rows of books is probably the simplest method of control for most circumstances, but unfortunately little work has been done upon book-pest repellents. A recent survey of this whole subject by the Printing, Packing, and Allied Trades Research Association has emphasised the need for an ideal repellent of this kind. Meanwhile, substances which can be usefully employed as repellents on library shelves are naphthalene, thymol, camphor, and paradichlorobenzene. In any library which suffers from pest damage the creation of cleaner conditions and the application of one of these repellents should mitigate the extent of attack.

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

Drugs as effective in pain relief as morphine, but without morphine's addiction disadvantages, have long been sought. Five new pain-killing drugs, said to be 'as active as morphine,' have recently been announced from a leading British pharmacological research centre. These new substances are still in the research phase of development, and as yet have only been tried out on test animals. So far it is reported that they do not produce the side-effect gastric disturbances associated with morphine. It remains to be seen whether they are also free from the addict-forming property. One hopeful feature of this work is that the new drugs are chemically dissimilar to other known pain-relieving substances—so dissimilar, in fact, that their power to relieve pain has caused some surprise. Other and undesirable properties usually associated with the pain-relieving property in chemicals may, therefore, not be possessed by these new drugs.

A NEW CARPET-SWEEPER

The advent of the vacuum-cleaner might superficially be supposed to have relegated the carpet-sweeper to history. This is far from the truth. As is so often the case with competition in methods, the older appliance has fought back. A new British sweeper is a most impressive example of that kind of progress. The manufacturers' claim that this appliance has overcome all the annoying objections to old-fashioned sweepers would certainly seem justified.

One notable innovation is a dustpan which lifts out from the top of the sweeper. Another is that the brush always rotates in the same direction, whether the sweeper is pushed backwards or forwards. The brush is self-cleaning, engaging with a special comb fitted to the dustpan. The gear-drive is enclosed 'for life,' so that oiling is unnecessary, and there is none of the irritating trouble with cleaning out oil-dust accumulations. When used to sweep a short-pile carpet, flat springs return the wheels to position after the required pressure has been exerted on the handle. The handle can be swung from a perpendicular position to an almost horizontal position; as the sweeper-box has a maximum height of only 3½ inches, this handle-adjustability allows the sweeper to be used underneath most pieces of furniture. For the same constructional reason, it may when not in use be hung flush against a wall.

The sweeper is all-metal, except for rubber guards, plastic wheels, brushes, and the wooden handle. It weighs 7½ lb. with the handle. The finish is green and cream enamel. Even with the inclusion of purchase-tax the price of this sweeper is surprisingly low; indeed, models of less flexible design were often dearer twenty years ago.

TO CORRESPONDENTS who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, etc. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (and only if) a stamped addressed envelope or postcard for a reply be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 11 Thistle Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delays, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent if stamps, postal orders, or imperial or international reply coupons are enclosed for the purpose. The issue of the *Journal* and the heading of the paragraph in which the object of inquiry is described should be given in order to facilitate reference.

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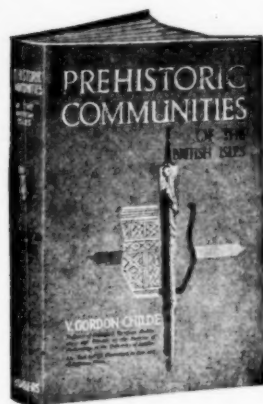
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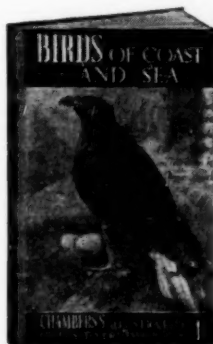
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